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LORD JEFFREY.*

It behoves the review critic under whose hands this book may fall, as now the case with our unworthy self, to do his spiriting gently, for he is dealing with the deacon of his craft. We do not by this mean to imply our agreement with the somewhat comprehensive epithet, "Francis Jeffrey, the greatest of British critics," by which Lord Cockburn introduces his hero to the public. The mistakes of the Edinburgh Review are as striking a feature in the literary history of the nineteenth century, as its success. We may leave to Lord Brougham the doubtful credit of the prophecy that there was no poetry in the author of the "Hours of Idleness." The general silence of the public on that head may shew that Jeffrey was right in his qualified admiration of Southey's fluent verse. But at the same time we cannot forget that he systematically ignored the poetical rank of the two minds—of Wordsworth, namely, and of Coleridge—whose influence is at this moment most powerful in the highest regions of English thought, while welcoming with perpetual acclaim the somewhat prosy effusions of Crabbe. Then a criticism, founded upon a consistent philosophical system, proceeding from a deep insight into and a hearty love of the work criticised, takes rank in literature as an independent work, and as much as any other mental product has the germ of immortality within it. It will, it is true, be by help of booksellers, not of gods, if Bentley's name be associated with that of Milton, and Warburton survive with Pope; and the latter poet has crystallized round his fame, like his own "flies in amber," a host of small critics, over whom the stream of oblivion would have flowed quickly enough. But the works of Longinus, Quintilian, Boileau, are constituent parts in the literature of their various languages; and though we are perhaps unable to boast of any great critic who challenges a prominent place in the estimation of posterity on this and no other ground, we have yet eminent men—for example, Coleridge—whose thought has chiefly moulded itself into the form of annotation and elucidation of the thought of others: whereas, on the contrary, it is a significant fact that Lord Jeffrey selected for final and avowed publication only a small part of his contributions to the Edinburgh Review, and one still more significant that those which he did select are but sparingly read. He was not, then, one of those seers of literature whose every word is caught as it drops from their lips; for there are fragments enough which no one cares to

* The Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. In Two Vols. 8vo. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh. 1852.

gather up. He was not even one of those writers in whom a want of originality is compensated for by a peculiar grace of expression, or an earnestness of purpose and manner which goes right to the people's heart. But he was the first of review writers; possessed of knowledge which, if in no department strikingly profound, extended in a sufficiently remarkable manner into all; quick to see not only the really salient points of a subject, but also its capabilities of display; and endowed with a fertile fancy and a ready pen, which could never be taken at a disadvantage, and, under whatever difficulty of time or circumstance, was always equal with itself. Thus, even without the affectionate disposition, the suavity of manner, the gentlemanly feeling, which made Jeffrey the model editor, he would have been to any other editor the very Phœnix of contributors.

The name of Lord Jeffrey is so intimately associated in every mind with the Edinburgh Review, and so little with his own utterances, either in its pages or in Parliament, that it is impossible not to estimate him rather by what he did than by what he said. He did, indeed, rise to high professional distinction; but, even from the partial account of Lord Cockburn, does not seem to have left behind him the very highest reputation as a judge. He produced no original work, either legal or literary, by which his powers can be guaged. As a speaker he does not seem to have succeeded, except before a Scotch audience, on which perhaps the spirit of nationality has a greater influence than on any other. He was, it is true, the member of the administration with whom, as Lord Advocate, the management of the Scottish Reform Bill rested. But it does not appear, either from Lord Cockburn or the traditions of twenty years ago, that his Parliamentary career was anything but a disappointment to his admirers. And thus, while admitting the very great merits of Lord Jeffrey as a practitioner and a judge in the Scottish Courts,—while admiring the energy with which he pursued professional and literary distinction in the face of political obstacles, of which we can now form little conception,—while allowing that he worthily represented Edinburgh, and was an effectual coadjutor of Earl Grey in his momentous undertaking,—we should be unable to account for the great name which he undoubtedly and deservedly enjoys, except we consider him as one of those with whom the Edinburgh Review originated, and as the very fountain of its strength during the most influential portion of its existence.

It is a point on which we are somewhat dissatisfied with the execution of this work, that the principal notice of the Edinburgh Review given by Lord Cockburn, exclusive of facts long in possession of the public, is contained in certain pages full of general laudation and disquisition, and that the letters which form the contents of the second volume are chiefly selected from the later period of Jeffrey's life, many years after he had ceased to exercise the editorial function. Some idea may, however, be formed of his prodigious literary activity during the first half of his life, from the fact that he contributed to the Review no fewer than 200 articles of every conceivable variety of subject. Of these, 197 were published in the first 101 numbers of the periodical, while to the other 74 numbers issued in his lifetime he furnished but three essays. We suppose it will be admitted on all hands that the Edinburgh Review has exercised, during the period in which it has

been in existence, a very practical influence, not only on the taste, but on the politics of Great Britain. In literature it has the weight naturally given to it by the known co-operation of many of the finest minds of our age. Politically it has long been the organ of a great party, powerful not only in the talent which it has comprised and the aristocratic influence and tradition on which it is based, but in its once firm hold on the affections and convictions of the middle class. And this organ, at certain times itself almost a power in the State, was founded by a knot of poor law students and briefless barristers, met in the economical habitation of one of them in an Edinburgh upper flat, and was nursed into a healthy existence and conducted to a vigorous manhood, escaping on one side the Scylla of government prosecution, and on the other the Charybdis of cowardly silence, by a young advocate whose sole reliance for subsistence, and the sole source of whose influence, lay in the honourable exercise of his talents. It is upon this fact, in itself both important and difficult to be realized, that the true fame of Francis Jeffrey must rest.

No due estimate, again, of his personal character, or indeed of his literary eminence, can be formed apart from his political principles. Jeffrey was a Whig, not only when Whiggism was borne triumphantly into office by the gale of popular agitation, but at a period when such opinions were a disqualification for even an average professional success. The days of Sidmouth and Castlereagh have not yet become matters of history with us; and the "fantastic tricks" of rampant Toryism, the determined stifling of public opinion, and the reckless defiance even of common rules of honour and equity, are yet remembered with a shudder, and a grateful emotion that they are among the things which shall not be again. But the Toryism of Scotland was infinitely more intense and rampant against the slightest shadow of opposition. Let us hear Lord Cockburn's description of a state of things which he has himself seen and suffered from:

"There was then in this country no popular representation, no emancipated boroughs, no effective rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases (except high treason), than what was consistent with the circumstances that the jurors were not sent into court under any impartial rule, and that when in court those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge. The Scotch representatives were only forty-five, of whom thirty were elected for counties, and fifteen for towns. Both from its price and its nature (being enveloped in feudal and technical absurdities), the elective franchise in counties, where alone it existed, was far above the reach of the whole lower, and of a great majority of the middle, and of many even of the higher, ranks. There were probably not above 1500 or 2000 county electors in all Scotland; a body not too large to be held, hope included, in Government's hand. A large estate might have no vote; and there were hundreds of votes which, except nominally, implied no true estate. The return of three or four was miraculous, and these startling exceptions were always the result of local accidents. Of the fifteen town members, Edinburgh returned one. The other fourteen were produced by clusters of four or five unconnected boroughs electing each one delegate, and these four or five delegates electing the representative. Whatever this system may have been originally, it had grown, in reference to the people, into as complete a mockery as if it had been invented for their degradation. The people had nothing to do with it. It was all managed by town councils, of never more than thirty-three mem-

bers, and every town council was self-elected, and consequently perpetuated its own interests. The election of the town or the county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people, that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell, or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper; for the farce was generally performed in an apartment from which, if convenient, the public could be excluded, and never in the open air. The Secession Church had not then risen into much importance. There were few Protestant Dissenters. Even the Episcopalians were scarcely perceptible. Practically, Papists were unknown. During a few crazy weeks there had been two or three wretched newspapers, as vulgar, stupid and rash, as if they had been set up in order to make the freedom of the press disgusting; and with these momentary exceptions, Scotland did not maintain a single opposition newspaper, or magazine, or periodical publication. The nomination of the jury by the presiding judge was controlled by no check whatever, provided his lordship avoided minors, the deaf, lunatics, and others absolutely incapable. Peremptory challenge was unknown. Meetings of the adherents of Government for party purposes, and for such things as victories and charities, were common enough. But with ample materials for opposition meetings, they were in total disuse. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1820. Attendance was understood to be fatal. The very Banks were overawed, and conferred their favours with a very different hand to the adherents of the two parties. Those who remember the year 1810 can scarcely have forgotten the political spite that assailed the rise of the Commercial Bank, because it proposed, by knowing no distinction of party in its mercantile dealings, to liberate the public, but especially the citizens of Edinburgh. Thus politically Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man's gate. Without a single free institution or habit, opposition was rebellion, submission probable success. There were many with whom horror of French principles, to the extent to which it was carried, was a party pretext. But there were also many with whom it was a sincere feeling, and who, in their fright, saw in every Whig a person who was already a republican, and not unwilling to become a regicide. In these circumstances, zeal upon the right side, was at a high premium, while there was no virtue so hated as moderation."—I. 74—77.

"In addition to common political hostility, this state of things produced great personal bitterness. The insolence, or at least the confidence, of secure power on the one side, and the indignation of bad usage on the other, put the weaker party, and seemed to justify it, under a tacit proscription. It both excluded those of one class from all public trust, which is not uncommon, and obstructed their attempts to raise themselves any how. To an extent scarcely credible, and curious to think of, it closed the doors and the hearts of friends against friends. There was no place where it operated so severely as at the bar. Clients and agents shrink from counsel on whom judges frown. Those who had established themselves, and had evinced irresistible powers, kept their hold; but the unestablished and the ordinary had little chance. Everywhere, but especially at the bar, a youth of a Tory family, who was discovered to have imbibed the Whig poison, was considered as a lost son."—I. 79, 80.

Jeffrey's father, a clerk in the Court of Session, was so strict a Tory, that he would allow his son to hear neither Professor Millar at Glasgow, nor Professor Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh, because both were understood to be tainted with liberal opinions, and possessed the art of winning their pupils' affections. When, in spite of these precautions, the young man appeared to have imbibed the infection, his early and only patron, Lord Glenlee, summarily forsook him. He was more than once an unsuccessful candidate for legal offices, to which he was in every

way eligible, except on the one head of political opinions. And therefore all honour is due from us, who enjoy the fruits of the struggle, to those who, like Jeffrey, endured the burden and the heat of the day! We, to whom consistency is easy, may smile at it as a virtue of doubtful worth; and more easy still, in days when the popular will, if definitely expressed, is sure to find speedy legislative recognition, may deride the political timidity of those in whose hands reform was slandered as revolution, and the claim for social rights stigmatized as the cry of anarchy. It may be true that the Edinburgh Review has failed to keep its position in the van of public opinion; and it is always true that the revolutionists of one generation are the conservatives of the next; but it is not the less ungenerous and unjust to undervalue labours which have placed us in the position of which we become so conceited when we look back. All honour, then, to Jeffrey—if not the versatile reviewer, if not the successful lawyer, if not the accomplished judge, yet at least the laborious, the disinterested, the consistent reformer!

Like that of many other eminent men whose influence has been chiefly exerted by their pens, the life of Jeffrey does not present any very remarkable features. Our epitome of it will therefore be very brief, in order that the illustrative extracts from his correspondence may be the more copious. He was born in Edinburgh on the 23rd of October, 1773, of respectable parents, and was one of five children. He was, as he continued throughout life, of small stature and slender frame,—one of those precocious children, indeed, whose mental powers are often the more surprising from the contrast presented by their feeble physical endowments. He was sent at the age of eight to the High School of Edinburgh, then under the presidency of Dr. Adam, the well-known author of the "Roman Antiquities;" though for the greater part of his school-time he was under the immediate tuition of one Fraser, who has the credit of having taught not only Jeffrey, but Scott and Brougham. At the High School he seems to have acquired a fair share of Latin, a little Greek and no Mathematics, and to have manifested in his use of the boys' library the omnivorous taste which characterized him throughout life. After remaining here six years, he was sent at the early age of fourteen to the University of Glasgow, where he remained during two sessions; then abode at home, diligently employed in the labour of self-education, for nearly two years and a half; and finally passed a short time at Oxford. Of this residence, uncongenial enough, as we may imagine, to a Scotchman of nationality as enthusiastic as was Jeffrey's, he was soon heartily weary; and the chief result of it seems to have been, that, as Lord Holland expressed it, he lost the broad Scotch only to gain the narrow English. He was now nineteen, and, with the exception of attending an occasional course of lectures at Edinburgh, his University education was at an end.

With the exception of the episode of the Edinburgh Review, the rest of Jeffrey's life much resembles that of all lawyers who force their way from briefless obscurity to the bench. His upward progress was slow; for his "narrow English" was unpopular in the Scottish courts, and his political principles seemed to oppose an insuperable bar to his advancement. Still his father's official position gave him the first requisite of all incipient barristers—a public hearing; and he seems from the commencement to have never been entirely without business. In 1801,

when his professional income had never yet reached £100 per annum, he took the bold step of marrying his cousin, Miss Catherine Wilson, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Professor of Church History at St. Andrew's,—a union which, while productive of the greatest happiness while it lasted, was terminated by the death of Mrs. Jeffrey in 1805. In 1813, he contracted a second marriage with Miss Charlotte Wilkes, a great-niece of the celebrated John Wilkes, a lady who, from the unanimous testimony of her friends, seems to have been worthy of her husband, and who survived him by a few months, leaving an only daughter, Mrs. Empson. She was a native of New York, whom Jeffrey had met in Scotland; and the marriage is somewhat remarkable from the romantic fact that, although he had a mortal hatred of all water, and would not willingly have navigated even a fish-pond, he braved the dangers both of the American war and the Atlantic to bring home his bride. In 1820, he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, an event to which we shall have to allude more particularly hereafter; and in 1829 was elevated to the Presidency of the Scottish bar, by his election as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. This event led to his resignation of the Edinburgh Review into other editorial hands, as, to use his own words, "it occurred" to him "that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might be fairly enough represented as in many respects a party journal." In 1830, he was appointed Lord Advocate, and his London and Parliamentary life began. He was first elected, under the old system, for the Forfarshire burghs, but was unseated on petition, and in 1831 was nominated for Malton by Earl Fitzwilliam. This borough twice returned him to Parliament. The Scotch Reform Bill, which he had conducted through its various stages, was passed by the House of Lords on the 12th of July, 1832; and on the 19th of December in the same year, he was returned by the city of Edinburgh to the first Reform Parliament, at the head of the poll and free of expense. In 1834, he closed his short Parliamentary career by accepting a Judgeship of the Court of Session, and assuming the usual complimentary title. His active public life was now over. He quietly, yet with great respectability and popularity, occupied himself with his judicial labours, being at the same time the centre of the literary society of Edinburgh, till his death in 1850, at the ripe age of 77.

Lord Jeffrey's election as Rector of the University of Glasgow, not only from the circumstances of the case a peculiar distinction to himself, but also an important epoch in the history of the University, is not narrated by Lord Cockburn with sufficient fulness and precision. His account of it is as follows:

"The first official honour that he ever received, was now conferred upon him by the students of the College of Glasgow. They elected him their Lord Rector. This officer is the second person in the establishment in rank, being inferior to the chancellor alone. It is too often considered as a merely honorary situation; but it has important duties, and ought as rarely as possible to be made so. In academical jurisdiction, the rector is superior even to the chancellor. He is elected annually in November by the professors and the matriculated students. For many years the custom had been for the students not seriously to interfere; and, judging from the list of the elected, the professors seem to have been on wonderfully good terms with the country gentlemen in their neighbourhood. Adam Smith, who was chosen in 1787, was the

last person who could have been chosen on account of his literary or philosophical reputation. Jeffrey, who was the next, would never have been chosen by the professors. But things had been begun to change; of which there could not possibly be more striking signs than the two facts, that these young men took the election into their own hands, where they have kept it ever since, and that their first choice fell upon him. His having been at that college himself, and having frequently attended their annual distribution of prizes on the 1st of May, perhaps inclined them a little towards him; but these accidents alone would never have produced the result. He was elected as a homage to his personal literature, and to the great work with which his name was associated, and to his public principles and conduct. When he told us of this unanticipated event, it sounded like the intimation of a miracle. He went to Glasgow, and was installed on the 28th of December, 1820, ten days after the Pantheon meeting. The novelty of the occasion created great excitement."—I. 262, 263.

It is perfectly true that up to the year 1820, the professors and students had contrived to agree in choosing the Lord Rector from the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, but Lord Cockburn omits to state the cause which led to a departure from old precedent at this particular period. Mr. Kirkman Finlay, M.P., a merchant of Glasgow, was Jeffrey's immediate predecessor. It was usual for the Rector, though elected annually, to retain his office for two years; and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Finlay would have formed an exception to this rule, had he not in his first year of office introduced into Parliament a Bill, which, among other changes in the constitution of the University, proposed to confine the elective franchise to the professors and graduates. The students, naturally indignant at this attempt to deprive them of their academic rights, selected Jeffrey as a popular candidate in opposition to Mr. Finlay, quite as much on account of his liberal political opinions as his literary celebrity, and, though opposed by the whole body of professors, returned him by large majorities in all the four nations. The matter, however, did not end here. The students, surprised and exultant at the decisive victory which they had won, formed a procession and marched in triumph through the city. The senatus academicus, or board of professors, smarting under defeat, met and threatened to expel the ringleaders from the University,—a menace, the execution of which was only prevented by the expressed determination of the English students to leave Glasgow in a body if one of their number was so harshly treated, and by the conciliatory influence of the new Rector. The practical sequel of the story is, that, as Lord Cockburn intimates, the students have ever since kept the power which they thus gained, and, be it said, have always exercised it worthily.

Before proceeding to lay before our readers the promised extracts from the volume of correspondence, we may, however, point out one peculiarity of Lord Jeffrey's character which seems to us worthy of remark. He is a striking example of what old Buchanan (or somebody else) has called the "perfervidum genium Scotorum." Our usual idea of a Scotchman, one which is doubtless justified by marked peculiarities in the national character, is of a self-possessed, cautious, sound yet slow-headed, taciturn being, sedulously and constantly looking after the main chance, and reserving the full torrent of whatever enthusiasm is within him for the poetical and ancestral associations of the Land o'

Cakes. The self-containment (if we may so speak) and the self-reliance of an Englishman are not very favourably renowned all over the continent, and in these points we are surpassed by our northern neighbours. And yet not only individual cases, such as must have occurred within our own experience, but the old political and national connection between Scotland and France, is enough to shew that there are points on which our Scotch cousins are more in sympathy with the nations of continental Europe than with ourselves. There is nothing more characteristic of a Frenchman than the free expression of personal emotion. There is nothing that an Englishman keeps more carefully to himself than his joy and sorrow. How few Englishmen, for example, are to be moved to tears except by the great convulsions of life; and how many of them would confess it on paper afterwards? Yet from these volumes we may learn that the stern Aristarchus of Edinburgh was a man in whose eyes the fountain of tears was perennial, and the merciless mower-down of youthful hopes and ambition, almost feminine in his affections and tastes—a very creature of affectionate impulse—laying bare his heart to his friends without reserve or restraint, and to all appearance cherishing no emotion which he was not willing to communicate. We mention this fact simply as an illustration of personal and national character. To some, this energy in expressing and frankness in communicating feelings may add an additional charm to the letters in which they are displayed. We confess ourselves to a goodly share of what may be called English prejudice on this head.

Another characteristic of Lord Jeffrey, as essentially un-Scottish as that to which we have just alluded, was the Epicurean tone of his mind and disposition. Had he been the heir of wealth and station, he would have fulfilled the duties of a cultivated country gentleman to perfection. His house would ever have been hospitably open, especially to men of letters. His books and his pictures would have been evidence of the bent of his own inclination. His correspondence would have been upon the same level of literary excellence as it now is; and authors and judges would have betaken themselves to his house, as they did to Craigcrook, to enjoy his unpretending yet delightful conversation. Many indications of this complexion of thought and disposition may be found in the volumes before us. The fact that the whole of his literary compositions were written to supply the emergency of the moment, points in the same direction. He seems never to have gathered courage enough to brace himself to an undertaking which would require the continuous and uniform labour of years. He revels in any interval of well-earned indolence. The Court of Session is his mill, and he the gin-horse condemned to tread its weary round. Some passages in the correspondence, especially those which relate to politics, and advise a general sitting-still and waiting upon Providence, imply a quiet indifference to the welfare of nations, provided his own little ark ride safely upon the troubled waters, we should regard as positively immoral, were they not so evidently the idle expression of an active mind, and so entirely contradicted by the general tenor of his life. Is it not, therefore, all the more to the credit of this naturally indolent man, that he did not sit down contented with peace, plenty and obscurity, by the stagnant pool of Scottish Toryism, but busied himself to stir the waters, at whatever risk to his own welfare, in hope of removing their corrup-

tion? Conservatism is the very haven of refuge for all careless and indolent dispositions. Let us honour Jeffrey that the sense of duty drove him out upon the open sea, though all uncertain whether the opposite shore would offer any permanent roadstead.

The following well-drawn character may serve as a fair specimen of Lord Cockburn's biographical powers. The book is, indeed, throughout clearly and simply, if not always elegantly, written; and a zest is added to the whole by the naturally heightened colours in which he portrays his friend and countryman. If, as Lord Cockburn intimates, this, which is the labour of his old age, should prove to be his only literary work, the world will have some reason to regret that the powers which have elevated him to the judicial bench were not, in part at least, exercised in a different direction.

"John Clerk, son of Clerk of Eldin (a man whose science and originality, whether he first propounded the modern system of naval tactics or not, were far above that idea), had been Solicitor-General under the Whig Government of 1805 and 1806, and had since risen into great practice. It is difficult to describe a person whose conditions in repose and in action, that is, in his private and his professional life, almost amounted to the possession of two natures.

"A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many other ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and firm projecting features, made his face and head not unlike that of a thoroughbred shaggy terrier. It was a countenance of great thought and great decision.

"Had his judgment been equal to his talent, few powerful men could have stood before him. For he had a strong, working, independent, ready head, which had been improved by various learning, extending beyond his profession into the fields of general literature, and into the arts of painting and sculpture. Honest, warm-hearted, generous and simple, he was a steady friend, and of the most touching affection in all the domestic relations. The whole family was deeply marked by an hereditary caustic humour, and none of its members more than he.

"These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race.

"One of these was an innocent admiration both of his own real merits and achievements, and of all the supposed ones which his simplicity ascribed to himself. He was saved from the imputation of vanity in this, by the sincerity of the delusion. Without any boasting or airs of superiority, he would expatiate on his own virtues with a quiet placidity, as if he had no concern in the matter, but only wished others to know what they should admire. This infantine self-deification would have been more amusing, had it not encouraged another propensity, the source of some of his more serious defects—an addiction, not in words merely, but in conduct, to paradox. He did not announce his dogmas, like the ordinary professors of paradox, for surprise or argument, but used to insist upon them with a calm, slow, dogged obstinacy, which at least justified the honesty of his acting upon them. And this tendency was aggravated, in its turn, by a third rather painful weakness, which, of all the parts in his character, was the one which his friends would have liked most to change—jealousy of rivalship, and a kindred impatience of contradiction. This introduced the next stage, when confidence in his own infallibility ascribed all opposition to doubts of his possessing this quality, and thus inflamed a spirit which, however serene when torpid, was never trained to submission, and could rise into fierceness when chafed.

"Of course it was chafed every moment at the bar; and accordingly it was there that his other and inferior nature appeared. Every consideration was lost in eagerness for the client, whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk. Nor was his the common zeal of a counsel. It was a passion. He did not take his fee, plead the cause well, hear the result and have done with it; but gave the client his temper, his perspiration, his nights, his reason, his whole body and soul, and very often the fee to boot. His real superiority lay in his legal learning and his hard reasoning. But he would have been despicable in his own sight had he reasoned without defying and insulting the adversary and the unfavourable judges; the last of whom he always felt under a special call to abuse, because they were not merely obstructing justice, but thwarting him. So that pugnacity was his line. His whole session was one keen and truceless conflict, in which more irritating matter was introduced than could have been ventured upon by any one except himself, whose worth was known, and whose intensity was laughed at as one of the shows of the court.

"Neither in speaking, nor in anything else, was he at all entangled with the graces; but his manner was always sensible and natural. An utterance as slow as minute guns, and a poor diction, marked his unexcited state, in one of his torpid moods. But when roused, which was his more common condition, he had the command of a strong, abrupt, colloquial style, which, either for argument or for scorn, suited him much better than any other sort of eloquence would have done. Very unequal, no distinguished counsel made so many bad appearances. But then he made many admirable ones, and always redeemed himself out of the bad ones by displays of great depth and ability. And his sudden rallies when, after being refuted and run down, he stood at bay, and either covered his escape or died scalping, were unmatched in dexterity and force. A number of admirable written arguments on profound legal difficulties, will sustain his reputation in the sight of every lawyer who will take the very useful trouble of instructing himself by the study of these works. It was his zeal, however, which of all low qualities is unfortunately the one that is most prized in the daily market of the bar, that chiefly upheld him when in his glory; and as this fiery quality must cool with age, he declined some years before he withdrew. His popularity was increased by his oddities. Even in the midst of his phrenzies he was always introducing some original and quaint humour; so that there are few of the lights of the court of whom more sayings and stories are prevalent. Even in his highest fits of disdainful vehemence, he would pause—lift his spectacles to his brow—erect himself—and after indicating its approach by a mantling smile, would relieve himself, and cheer the audience by some diverting piece of Clerkism,—and then, before the laugh was well over, another gust would be up. He and his consulting room withdrew the attention of strangers from the cases on which they had come to hear their fate. Walls covered with books and pictures, of both of which he had a large collection; the floor encumbered by little ill-placed tables, each with a piece of old china on it; strange boxes, bits of sculpture, curious screens and chairs, cats and dogs (his special favourites), and all manner of trash dead and living, and all in confusion; John himself sitting in the midst of this museum, in a red worsted night-cap, his crippled limb resting horizontally on a tripod stool, and many pairs of spectacles and antique snuff-boxes on a small table at his right hand; and there he sits—perhaps dreaming awake—probably descanting on some of his crotchets, and certainly abusing his friends the judges—when recalled to the business in hand; but generally giving acute and vigorous advice.

"Except in his profession, and as an ardent partizan, he was little of a public character. Resolute in his Whig principles, which he delighted to shake in the face of his adversaries during the fulness of their power, and entering hotly into all the movements of his party, inexperience of public management, and some impracticability, disqualified him from originating

measures, and occasionally made him a little dangerous even as their defender. In these matters, indeed, his friends could not have the confidence in his judgment which friends would have liked to have had in one so upright, and with so muscular a mind.

"Jeffrey and he did excellently together; for, even in opposition, Jeffrey managed him better than most other people could. He respected his worth and talent; and whenever Clerk exceeded his allowed (and pretty large) measure of provocation, no one could so easily torment him in return, chiefly by the levity with which Clerk's coarser blows were received."—I. 199—205.

The selection from Jeffrey's correspondence which fills the second of the volumes before us, is interesting, less from any novelty or depth of thought, less even from any beauty of expression, than as the familiar intercourse with his friends of a man of genius, who possessed an observant eye, a ready pen and a communicative disposition. The very freedom in which they are conceived and composed, suggests to an English mind that it would have been more delicate to survivors had some of them never seen the light. Let us extract some of their liveliest passages for the benefit of our readers,—weary, doubtless, by this time of our own weightier lucubrations,—premising that in the descriptions of scenery or natural appearances scattered here and there, Jeffrey often appears to us exceedingly happy.

The following passage becomes additionally striking when compared with Wordsworth's sonnet composed on the same spot and under similar circumstances in 1801:

"It was a beautiful, rosy, dead calm morning when we broke up a little before five to-day; and I took three pensive turns along the solitude of Westminster Bridge; admiring the sharp clearness of St. Paul's, and all the city spires soaring up in a cloudless sky, the orange red light that was beginning to play on the trees of the Abbey, and the old windows of the Speaker's house, and the flat green mist of the river floating upon a few lazy hulks on the tide, and moving low under the arches. It was a curious contrast with the long previous imprisonment in the stifling, roaring House, amidst dying candles and every sort of exhalation."—I. 317.

"I have been very much amused in London, though rather too feverishly; so that it is deliciously refreshing to get out of its stir and tumult, and sit down to recollect all I have seen and heard, amidst the flowers' freshness and nightingales of this beautiful country. I was a good deal among wits and politicians, of whom you would not care much to hear. But I also saw a good deal of Miss Edgeworth and Tommy Moore, and something of your countryman Washington Irvine, with whom I was very happy to renew my acquaintance. Moore is still more delightful in society than he is in his writings; the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefullest creature that ever set fortune at defiance. He was quite ruined about three years ago by the treachery of a deputy in a small office he held, and forced to reside in France. He came over, since I came to England, to settle his debts by the sacrifice of every farthing he had in the world, and had scarcely got to London when he found that the whole scheme of settlement had blown up, and that he must return in ten days to his exile. And yet I saw nobody so sociable, kind and happy; so resigned, or rather so triumphant over fortune, by the buoyancy of his spirits, and the inward light of his mind. He told me a great deal about Lord Byron, with whom he had lived very much abroad, and of whose heart and temper, with all his partiality to him, he cannot say anything very favourable. There is nothing gloomy or bitter, however, in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, much more like nature than his poetry.

"Miss Edgeworth I had not seen for twenty years, and found her very unlike my recollection.

"Have you any idea what sort of thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not; for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I don't know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good-nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless; but she would predominate over you in the long run; and indeed is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world; but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect. We have plenty of loud, foolish things, good-humoured even in the highest society.

"Washington Irvine is rather low-spirited and silent in mixed company, but is agreeable, I think, *tête à tête*, and is very gentle and amiable. He is a good deal in fashion, and has done something to deserve it. I hope you do not look on him in America as having flattered our old country improperly. I had the honour of dining twice with a Royal Duke, very jovial, loud, familiar and facetious, by no means foolish or uninstructed, but certainly coarse and indelicate to a degree quite remarkable in the upper classes of society. The most extraordinary man in England is the man in whose house I am now writing *(Sir James Mackintosh)*.

"I came down here yesterday by way of Hayleybury, where I took up Malthus, who is always delightful, and brought him here with me. The two professors have gone over to the College to their lectures, and return to dinner. I proceed on my journey homewards in the evening. Would you like to know what old England is like? and in what it most differs from America? Mostly, I think, in the visible memorials of antiquity with which it is overspread; the superior beauty of its verdure, and the more tasteful and happy state and distribution of its woods. Everything around you here is *historical*, and leads to romantic or interesting recollections. Grey grown church towers, cathedrals, ruined abbeys, castles, of all sizes and descriptions, in all stages of decay, from those that are inhabited to those in whose moats ancient trees are growing, and ivy mantling over their mouldered fragments. Within sight of this house, for instance, there are the remains of the palace of Hunsden, where Queen Elizabeth passed her childhood, and Theobalds, where King James had his hunting seat, and the *Rye-house* where Rumbald's plot was laid, and which is still occupied by a maltster—such is the permanency of habits and professions in this ancient country. Then there are two gigantic oak stumps, with a few fresh branches still, which are said to have been planted by Edward the III., and massive stone bridges over lazy waters; and churches that look as old as Christianity; and beautiful groups of branchy trees; and a verdure like nothing else in the universe; and all the cottages and lawns fragrant with sweet briar and violets, and glowing with purple lilacs, and white elders; and antique villages scattering round wide bright greens; with old trees and ponds, and a massive pair of oaken stocks preserved from the days of Alfred. With you everything is new, and glaring, and angular, and withal rather frail, slight, and perishable; nothing soft and mellow and venerable, or that looks as if it would ever become so. I will not tell you about Scotland after this. It has not these characters of ancient wealth and population, but beauties of another kind which you must come and see."—II. 204—208.

"Well, but you want to hear how we like Arran, and what sort of life we

lead here. On the whole, it has been very pleasant. Delicious weather, grand mountain views, wild rocky valleys, the brightest of bright waters—both fresh and salt; and here at Brodick a graceful crescent-shaped bay of a mile over, with the old castle peering over its woods at one point, and a noble black cliff at the other; and then, beyond the bright gravel of the beach, a sweet deep-green valley, glittering with streams, and tufted all over with groups of waving ash trees, winding away for two miles or more among the roots of the mountains, some of which soar up in bare peaks of grey granite, and others show their detached sides and ends—all seamed with dark gullies stretching down from their notched and jagged summits. There is a description for you, and quite true notwithstanding. And we have attended two preachings in the open air (worth ten of your idolatrous masses), and heard the voice of psalms rise softly in the calm air from a scattery group of plaided and snooded worshippers, and go echoing up among the hills, and down to the answering murmurs of the shore; and I have subscribed £10 to build a new church on the beautiful spot where this congregation met under the canopy of Heaven. As for our hostel, the people are simple and obliging, and we have nice whitings, and occasional salmon, and tough fowls, and good whisky, and bad wine. But the worst is, that a fat woman had engaged the best rooms before we came, and one of the supreme judges of the land has actually been condemned to sleep, with his lawful wife, for the last ten days, in a little sultry garret, where it is impossible to stand upright, except in the centre, or to point your toes up when you lie down, for the low slanting roof, which comes crushing down on them. But we are not difficult, or *prideful* you know, and have really suffered no serious discomfort. To me, indeed, the homeliness of the whole scene brings back recollections of a touching and endearing sort; and when I lay down the first night, and saw the moon shining in through the little uncurtained sliding windows in the roof, on the sort of horse rug on the floor, and the naked white walls, and two straw chairs, it brought so freshly to my mind the many similar apartments I had occupied with delight in the lonely wanderings of my school and college days, that I felt all my young enthusiasm revive, and forgot judgeship and politics, and gave myself up to my long cherished dreams of poetry and love. God help us. But we leave this enchanted island on Monday morning at five o'clock, alas! and, if we survive that horror, expect to get to Craigcrook that evening; so write west to Edinburgh."—II. 287—289.

"Hayleybury, Saturday, 9th May, 1841.

"My dear Mrs. Innes,—Though we are but twenty miles from London, and go back to it on Monday, I feel as if I had not seen anything of it for ages, and look back already on my late course of dissipation there as an old recollection, or some dream and imagination, of long past days. We are so rural and quiet here, that there can be no greater contrast. This house is in a cluster of tall shrubs and young trees, with a little bit of smooth lawn sloping to a bright pond, in which old weeping willows are dipping their hair, and rows of young pear trees admiring their blooming faces. Indeed, there never was such a flash of shadowing high hanging flowers as we have around us; and almost all, as it happens, of that pure, silvery, snowy, bridal tint; and we live, like Campbell's sweet Gertrude, 'as if beneath a galaxy of overhanging sweets, with blossoms white.' There are young horse-chesnuts with flowers half a yard long, fresh, full-clustered white lilacs, tall Guelder roses, broad spreading pear and cherry trees, low thickets of blooming sloe, and crowds of juicy-looking detached thorns, quite covered with their fragrant May flowers, half open, like ivory fillagree, and half shut like Indian pearls, and all so fresh and dewy since the milky showers of yesterday; and resounding with nightingales, and thrushes, and sky-larks, shrilling high up, overhead, among the dazzling slow sailing clouds. Not to be named, I know and feel as much as you can do, with your Trosachs, and Loch Lomonds, and Inverarys; but very sweet, and vernal, and soothing, and fit enough to efface all recollections of

hot, swarming, whirling, and bustling London from all good minds."—II. 339, 340.

The account of the second reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords is highly graphic:

"As I did not get to bed till near eight this morning (and was out again at eleven), after fourteen hours starving in the Lords, you cannot expect a long or a lively letter from me. You will see we had a majority of nine, being one more than anybody can account for. The debate was not very brilliant, but got, in its latter stage, excessively interesting. The Chancellor more tranquil, and less offensive, than usual, but not at all languid, and in very good voice throughout, chiefly correcting false representations, dispelling vain terrors, and arranging and soothing. Lyndhurst's by far the cleverest and most dangerous speech against us in the debate, and very well spoken. Lord Grey's reply on the whole admirable; in tone and spirit perfect, and, considering his age and the time, really astonishing. He spoke near an hour and a half, after five o'clock, from the kindling dawn into full sun light, and I think with great effect. The aspect of the House was very striking through the whole night, very full, and, on the whole, still and solemn (but for the row with Durham and Phillpots, which ended in the merited exposure of the latter). The whole throne and the space around it clustered over with 100 members of our House, and the space below the bar (which, since the galleries which are constructed over the grand entrance, is also left entirely for us) nearly filled with 200 more, ranged in a standing row of three deep along the bar, another sitting on the ground against the wall, and the space between covered with moving and sitting figures in all directions, with twenty or thirty clambering on the railings, and perched up by the doorways. Between four and five, when the daylight began to shed its blue beams across the red candle light, the scene was very picturesque, from the singular grouping of forty or fifty of us sprawling on the floor, awake and asleep, in all imaginable attitudes, and with all sorts of expressions and wrappings. '*Young Cadboll*,' who chose to try how he could sleep *standing*, jammed in a corner, fell flat down over two prostrate Irishmen on the floor, with a noise that made us all start, but no mischief was done. The candles had been renewed before dawn, and blazed on after the sun came fairly in at the high windows, and produced a strange, but rather grand effect, on the red draperies and furniture and dusky tapestry on the walls. Heaven knows what will become of it."—I. 328—330.

Lord Althorpe, whom he sketches in the following characteristic sentences, appears to have been an especial favourite with him:

"There is something to me quite delightful in his calm, clumsy, courageous, immutable probity and well-meaning, and it seems to have a charm for everybody."—I. 322.

"Well, my dear C., we are all out! and so ends the first act of our comedy. God grant that it may not fall too soon into the tragic vein. The fact is not generally *known* yet (I am now writing to you about noon); but it is surmised, and before six o'clock it will be announced in Parliament. I went to Althorpe at ten o'clock to ask, and had a characteristic scene with that most honest, frank, true, and stout-hearted of all God's creatures. He had not come down stairs, and I was led up to his dressing-room, where I found him sitting on a stool, in a dark duffle dressing-gown, with his arms (very rough and hairy) bare above the elbows, and his beard half shaved, and half staring through the lather, with a desperate razor in one hand, and a great soap brush in the other. He gave me the loose finger of the brush hand, and with the usual twinkle of his bright eye and radiant smile, he said,—'You need not be anxious about your Scotch Bill for to-night, for I have the pleasure to tell you, *we are no longer his Majesty's Ministers.*'"—I. 330, 331.

"Lord Althorpe has gone through all this with his characteristic cheerful-

ness and courage. The day after the resignation he spent in a great sale garden, choosing and buying flowers, and came home with five great packages in his carriage, devoting the evening to studying where they should be planted in his garden at Althorpe, and writing directions and drawing plans for their arrangement. And when they came to summon him to a counsel *(council)* on the Duke's giving in, he was found in a closet with a groom, busy oiling the locks of his fowling-pieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry."—I. 332.

His descriptions of London society must have been highly amusing to his Edinburgh friends, if his letters contained many passages as lively as the subjoined:

"And now, will you have the close of my town journal? It is an old story now, and I have, luckily I believe, forgotten all but the outlines. But here are the fragments:—Friday, 24th—At Stephen's (I think I did not mention that before) with Macaulay and Mounteagle—(O! but I think I remember that I *did* tell you of that); and how Macaulay exceeded his ordinary excess in talk, and how I could scarcely keep him from pure soliloquy, and how Lord M. fell fairly asleep, and our Platonic host himself *nodded* his applause. But no matter—that was the truth of it, whether told for the first or second time. Saturday—I am sure I did not chronicle before, we were at Lord Denman's with Sydney Smith, Rogers, the Milmans, and that beautiful Mrs. D——, whom I had not seen for years, &c. * * * On Sunday, I was asked to be *en famille* at Holland House, but found sixteen people—foreign ambassadors, and everybody; but no ladies but Lady ——, who is always agreeable. Lord H. was full of good talk, and trusted me home with his six days' journal of the conversation at his house in 1814, made as an experiment of what could be done in rivalry of Boswell's Johnson. It is very entertaining, and contains some capital specimens of Grattan, Parr, Frere, Windham, and Erskine; but I quite agree with him that it would not have been fair to continue it. * * * Tuesday—The two Charlottes and I were at Holland House again (Empson being obliged to be at College), and again a large party. I had the honour of sitting between Lord Melbourne and Lord Duncannon, with Lord H. but one off, so we had the best of the talk. My lady being between the French and the Prussian ambassadors, and calling often in vain for our assistance on one side, and Lord John Russell on the other, who was busy with C. Buller. The Charlottes were delighted with Lord H., who had them both by him, and talked to them all the time of dinner with so much gaiety and good humour. My lady they thought very amusing after dinner, and full of kindness to them. I had some good talk with Guizot after coffee, and a little about Dr. Alison and our Scotch poor with Lord John, and came home late. Wednesday—We were all with Mr. Justice and Lady Coltman, where we had Baron Maule, the Attorney, and Lady S., and, in short, rather a professional party, with the exception of F. Lewis, and Jo. Romilly, and Lady ——, who writes books. Lady C. is very agreeable, though a zealous Unitarian, and I rather think the only truly agreeable person I know of that persuasion. * * * Friday—At six went to stand sponsor to Mrs. Holland's last baby, along with Lady Park, and my pretty Mrs. ——. Sydney officiated, and was somehow so much moved that he could scarcely get through, and was obliged to finish the ceremony sitting. I then hurried off to dinner with the Campbells at Paddington, where we had the Bishop of Llandaff and the Dean of Carlisle, invited on purpose to meet *me*. So you see in what esteem my orthodoxy is held among the sages of the south."—II. 342—345.

Some of the pictures which he gives of great men with whom he came in contact, are amusing in their divergence from usually received conceptions. Take, for instance, the impression produced upon him by Wordsworth and Talleyrand:

"'I dined yesterday at Mackintosh's, with Wordsworth the poet, and Shiel the Irish orator, and several other remarkable persons. Wordsworth and I were great friends. He and Empson and I staid two good hours after everybody else had gone, and did not come home till near two.' Giving an account of the same meeting in another letter, he says—'Did I tell you that I met Wordsworth at Mackintosh's last week, and talked with him in a party of four till two in the morning. He is not in the very least Lakish now, or even in any degree poetical, but rather a hard and a sensible worldly sort of a man.'" I. 322.

"He met Talleyrand at Holland House, and gives this account of him:—'He is more natural, plain, and reasonable, than I had expected; a great deal of the repose of high breeding and old age, with a mild and benevolent manner, and great calmness of speech, rather than the sharp, caustic, cutting speech of a practised utterer of *bons mots*. He spoke a great deal of old times and old persons, the court of Louis XVI. when Dauphin, his coronation, Voltaire, Malsherbe, Turgot; with traditional anecdotes of Massillon and Bossuet, and many women of these days, whose names I have forgotten, and a good deal of diplomatic anecdote, altogether very pleasing and easy. He did not eat much, nor talk much about eating, except only that he enquired very earnestly into the nature of *cocky-leekie (a Scotch soup)*, and wished much to know whether *prunes* were essential. He settled at last that they should be boiled in the soup, but not brought up in it. He drank little but iced water.'"—I. 327, 328.

We should not have given a fair selection from these letters, did we not extract some passages indicative of the friendliness and affectionate disposition of the man. The first extract explains itself; the second consists of a letter written to a daughter of his only child:

"There was no one of the friends of his later acquisition for whom he had greater admiration or regard than Mr. Macaulay; and he testified the interest which he took in this great writer's fame by a proceeding, which, considering his age and position, is not unworthy of being told. This judge, of seventy-four, revised the proof sheets of the two first volumes of the History of England, with the diligence and minute care of a corrector of the press toiling for bread;—not merely suggesting changes in the matter and the expression, but attending to the very commas and colons—a task which, though humble, could not be useless, because it was one at which long practice had made him very skilful. Indeed he used to boast that it was one of his peculiar excellences. On returning a proof to an editor of the Review, he says, 'I have myself rectified most of the errors, and made many valuable verbal improvements in a small way. But my great task has been with the punctuation—on which I have, as usual, acquitted myself to admiration. And indeed this is the department of literature on which I feel that I most excel, and on which I am therefore most willing now to stake my reputation!'"—I. 402.

"A high day! and a holiday! the longest and the brightest of the year! the very middle day of the summer—and the very day when Maggie first opened her sweet eyes on the light! Bless you ever, my darling, and bonny bairn. You have now blossomed beside us for six pleasant years, and been all that time the light of our eyes, and the love of our hearts,—at first the cause of some tender fears from your weakness and delicacy—then of some little provocation, from your too great love, as we thought, of your own will and amusement—but now only of love and admiration for your gentle obedience to your parents, and your sweet yielding to the wishes of your younger sister and brother. God bless and keep you then for ever, my delightful and ever improving child, and make you, not only gay and happy, as an angel without sin and sorrow, but meek and mild, like that heavenly child, who was once sent down to earth for our example.

"Well, the sun is shining brightly on our towers and trees, and the great

bonfire is all piled up and ready to be lighted, when we come out after drinking your health at dinner; and we have got a great blue and yellow flag hung out on the tower, waving proudly in the wind, and telling all the country around, that this is a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving, and wishes of happiness, with all who live under its shadow. And the servants are all to have a fine dinner, and wine and whisky to drink to your health, and all the young Christies (that is the new gardener's children) will be taught to repeat your name with blessings; and, when they are drawn up round the bonfire, will wonder a little, I daresay, what sort of a creature this Miss Maggie can be, that we are making all this fuss about! and so you must take care, when you come, to be good enough, and pretty enough, to make them understand why we all so love and honour you.

"Frankie and Tarley have been talking a great deal about you this morning already, and Granny is going to take them and Maggie Rutherfurd and her brother down to the sea at Cramond—that they may tell the fishes and the distant shores what a happy and a hopeful day it is to them, and to us all. And so bless you again, my sweet one, for this and all future years. Think kindly of one who thinks always of you; and believe, that of all who love you, there is none who has loved you better or longer, or more constantly, than your loving Grandpa."—II. 420—422.

We will add but one word in conclusion. We have been pleasurably impressed, in reading the many literary biographies which have been rendered necessary by the deaths of the last few years, by the conviction that public animosities have but little to do with private friendships, and that the bugbear of a party may be the fountain of happiness and affection at home. Southey and Jeffrey occupied prominent positions in opposite political parties; they agreed neither in opinions, nor in tastes, nor in friendships; each had his circle of admirers, who violently depreciated the other; and when they met, it was only to part with chill civility. Now they are both gone; and the public, admitted by their familiar correspondence into the home sanctities of each, discovers in each the affectionate husband, the fond father, the beloved and disinterested friend. Who would not willingly forget the ephemeral quarrels of reviewers, to contemplate their common proficiency in those social virtues which are themselves the best guarantee for the attainment of the national objects which they had each continually in view?

C.

SOUTHEY ON THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

THE heads of the Church have done their duty at last, not because they have been persuaded to it by you, but *because they have been frightened and shamed into it by the Dragon.** Your Bishop and a few others have been zealous and sincere well-doers, and their good deeds have sprung from that principle which gives them their value. As for certain other persons, we must be thankful for what they do, and bless God for the harvest, however unworthy the hands may be which have sown some of the seed.—Letter to Dr. Andrew Bell, dated Keswick, March 23, 1812—*Life of Bell*, II. 660.

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* Joseph Lancaster and the Dissenters. A Church caricature was put out, "Bel and the Dragon." Bel with a Doctor's wig, &c.; Lancaster was put for the Dragon.

LORD MAHON'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

In these volumes Lord Mahon commences with the close of the Seven Years' European War by the Peace of Paris, soon after the accession of George III., and conducts his readers into the thick of the disastrous War of Independence between England and her American Colonies. We fully accord with the general tenor of the remarks which usher in this portion of the History.

"The first ten years of the reign of George the Third are marked by frequent change of ministers, and intricate evolution of parties. To thread the maze which these afford is not always a pleasant, nor always a profitable task. The want both of great men and of great objects is too often painfully apparent. Chatham, but Chatham only at this time, like some lofty pine-tree in the forest, soars high above the under growth of Rockinghams† and Hillsboroughs, while the creeping parasite plants—the Rigbys and the Dodingtons—trail along the ground.

"A knowledge of the party changes during these ten years is indeed essential to the study of English politics. But before we again embark upon them, it may be instructive to reflect how far less important they were to the well-being of the country, than some other not so striking events which History does not always deign to record. What are they to the gradual extension of our manufacturing and commercial greatness? What are they to the growth of such cities as Manchester and Glasgow? What are they to that system of agricultural improvement under which so many a barren down has teemed with luxurious harvests,—that system, unknown to Virgil, which, leaving no fallow to the soil, loses no profit to the husbandman? How little thought does the mere annalist bestow upon these things in parallel with White Staves or Gold Sticks, or at least with the exact succession of Prime Ministers! Yet when no man of real genius succeeds to the helm,—when the spectacle is only of a crowd of mediocrities, distinguished from each other by nothing but their party badges, who throng and jostle for places, and shove off each other in turn,—can the philosopher doubt to which of these classes of events the greater weight is due? Or will posterity always lend a willing ear to the contests between the noble Earl in the green riband and the noble Marquis in the blue?"—I. 1, 2.‡

The present volumes, however, as a whole, seem scarcely to recognize the spirit of these opening remarks. About half-a-dozen clear and concise pages, indeed, are forthwith vouchsafed to Wedgwood and the Potteries, Arkwright and the Cotton Manufacture, Brindley and the Duke of Bridgewater's Canals (Smeaton and Watt, also, being just mentioned); and a couple of interesting but brief chapters at the end of Vol. VI. are devoted to "Voyages of Discovery" and "Literature and Art;" but the great bulk of the History is occupied exclusively with

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* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. By Lord Mahon. Vols. V. VI. 1763—1780. London—Murray. 1851.

† This comparison is elaborately criticised by Lord Albemarle, in his Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, Vol. II. pp. 357—359, where the character and services of Lord Rockingham are ably vindicated, while those of Lord Chatham are perhaps unduly disparaged, though his pre-eminence in point of talent is freely conceded.

‡ The author probably had in his mind here the remark of Charles Townshend (quoted in Vol. IV. p. 387) respecting his two kinsmen, the Earl of Bute and the Duke of Newcastle: "Silly fellow for silly fellow, I think it is as well to be governed by my uncle with a blue riband, as by my cousin with a green one!"

those very matters which the historian himself declares to be of least importance to the true welfare and progress of a people. It is confessedly a difficult work, requiring acute observation and patient research, to give more than a meagre record of the peaceful interests and solid advancement of a nation, since all true progress "cometh not with observation," makes little noise, takes no thought of self-proclamation, those engaged in it being too much absorbed in the pursuit of important ends to think about trumpeting forth their doings; but if History must be made up chiefly of party politics and desolating wars, there is much truth in the significant aphorism, "Happy the people whose annals are vacant." Even within the compass of the few pages, moreover, to which we have referred, Lord Mahon finds room to indicate some aristocratic prejudice against the manufacturing system, "in which the most deplorable poverty and ignorance have grown up side by side with enormous wealth," as if the manufacturing districts were peculiar or pre-eminent in poverty and ignorance, not reflecting that in them the working-classes are better off and better cared for than elsewhere (as testified by the constant influx of population into those districts from the surrounding country), and that the most vigorous and intelligent efforts to improve the condition of the people usually emanate from manufacturing centres. A little further on, Lord Mahon finds an argument against democracy in the machine-breaking riots, as though ignorant and obstinate prejudice existed only in the masses of the people.

As compared with the established standard of histories, however, the work before us is instructive, impartial and agreeable. A more pleasantly readable narrative, indeed, it would be unreasonable to desire. The conflicts, manœuvres and intrigues of party leaders are, upon the whole, fairly narrated; there is a due sprinkling of lively anecdote and amusing illustration; justice is done to the principal actors in the scene; and the style, usually easy and flowing, occasionally rises into eloquence. It cannot be said that the author writes in the spirit of a partizan, though he does not conceal his conservative predilections, and softens the picture usually drawn of George III. and his Tory advisers. He is sceptical as to the commonly alleged duration and extent of the secret influence of Lord Bute with the party of the "King's friends," so frequently deprecated by the leaders of the Opposition. In this, indeed, he is probably right. Mr. Macaulay, in his matchless Essay on Lord Chatham and the early administrations of George III., takes the same view as to the cessation of Lord Bute's influence; but he shews that there was an effective substitute for it in the wayward obstinacy of the King himself, who, originally under the influence of the Favourite, had now learned to form and indulge prejudices and caprices of his own, treacherously fostering the growth of a party of servile underlings, who were always ready, at his beck, to thwart by their adverse votes the measures of his own ministry. His freedom from the private vices too common in royal personages, the respectability of his domestic habits, his rigid adherence to the Protestant faith, and his seemly reverence for religious rites, on which Lord Mahon lays approving stress, cannot absolve him from the charge of political shuffling, restless intrigue, violent personal prejudices, narrow-minded obstinacy, and an overweening estimate of his own prerogatives.

Little as the intrigues of party politics contribute to the real welfare of a nation, they derive awful importance from their power of doing enormous mischief. The spectacle of men like George III., Grenville and Lord North, sporting with the revenues and the life-blood of the British nation, is like that of children playing with fire in a powder magazine, or the ancient conception of Phaeton attempting to guide the chariot of the sun. The reflection generally suggested by the perusal of political history is, "With how little (human) wisdom the world is governed!" How blindly, how passionately, how blunderingly, from what paltry motives, with what narrow and mistaken views, do politicians for the most part carry out the secret designs of Providence!

If Lord Mahon can be said to manifest any political bias, it is perhaps principally in singling out for especial eulogy a leader of the opposite party as a marked and exceptional contrast to the rest. Thus he upholds Pitt with a loving reverence, delighting in his subject, and palliating faults in that great man which even a Whig writer cannot but condemn, and speaking slightingly of the Rockingham administration. Yet that administration, in its first brief existence, repealed the fatal Stamp Act of Grenville, passed resolutions condemning the use of general warrants and the seizure of papers in cases of libel (the oppressive recourse to which had made Wilkes the idol of the people), and, as Macaulay has observed, "was the first which, during a long course of years, had the courage and the virtue to refrain from bribing members of Parliament." It was the great mistake of Pitt, and a great misfortune in the political history of the country, that he refused to be associated with Lord Rockingham in the government. A morbid state of mind as well as body probably contributed to mislead his judgment or to weaken his power of resisting the flattering entreaties of the King, and thus prevented a coalition, which would have saved England from the injustice and disgrace of the American war. Again, in the history of that war, Lord Mahon singles out Washington as his exclusive hero, not indeed that he does him more than justice, but seemingly delighting to lower the comparative merit of the other leading Americans by exalting his favourite standard.

In his account of Wilkes and his victorious struggle with the government, Lord Mahon dwells perhaps too exclusively on the profligate character of the man, without sufficiently recognizing the boldness of his genius, and the importance of his services in preserving the liberty of the subject from the aggressions of the Crown. He was popular, not because he was profligate, but because he was regarded as the victim of arbitrary and unjust oppression. His profligacy was shared by others, and especially by Lord Sandwich, the "Jemmy Twitcher" who hypocritically condemned and betrayed him; and even his "Essay on Woman," of which the government surreptitiously obtained one of the only fourteen copies by bribing Wilkes's printer, is pronounced by Macaulay not to have been worse than some of Pope's *published* poems. It was clear enough that the charge of profligacy was a mere pretext, put forward by men who were no better than himself, in revenge for the biting sarcasms on members of the administration boldly published by him in the North Briton. Bad as was the private character of the man, especially when tried by a purer standard than that age commonly presented, it must not be forgotten that he fought and won an

important battle for the freedom of the press and the liberty of the subject, and that he first established the invaluable practice of publishing in newspapers the Parliamentary debates. Well might George III. say, when Wilkes, as alderman of London and member-elect for Middlesex, set the government at defiance, and compulsion was suggested as the only resource left, "I will have nothing more to do with that devil Wilkes." When he gained his action against Lord Halifax, the Secretary of State, for the seizure of his papers, and the jury were obliged to withdraw privately for fear of insult, because they had awarded him *only* £4000 as damages,* it was the opinion of Franklin that "if George III. had had a bad private character and John Wilkes a good one, the latter might have turned the former out of the kingdom!"

In Lord Mahon's lucid sketch of the early history of the thirteen American Colonies, he quotes from Franklin the device by which the Pennsylvanian Quakers contrived to sanction the purchase of *gunpowder* for military uses without doing violence to their principles of peace; "they voted an aid to New England of £3000 to be put into the hands of the Governor, and appropriated it for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*." He mentions the slight exception to perfect religious liberty in Maryland in the proviso that "whatsoever person shall deny or reproach the Holy Trinity, or any of the Three Persons thereof, shall be punished with death." He slily contrasts the free and affable manners prevalent in American society when under *monarchical* rule, with the punctilious regard to mere wealth after the commencement of the Revolutionary war, quoting the experience of the Marquis de Chastellux at a ball in Philadelphia in the year 1780.

"When the time came to go into the supper room, our Minister offered his arm to Mrs. Morris, and made her walk out the first; an honour here commonly paid to her, because she is the wealthiest lady in the city, and because, all ranks being now equal, men are free to follow their natural bent, which is to award the highest respect to riches."

In speaking of the zealous but unsuccessful attempts to convert the North American Indians to Christianity, he mentions a fact which shews that these wild wanderers of the woods anticipated our brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer in theological acumen.

"They displayed on some occasions a strange degree of perverted ingenuity in their doubts or objections. Thus, when the leading events of the Gospel were explained to them, several asked how Judas could deserve blame for promoting the accomplishment of the purpose of God?—On another occasion one of the chiefs sent for an Indian convert, and desired to know how many Gods the English had? When he heard they had but one, he replied scornfully, 'Is that all? I have thirty-seven. Do they suppose I would exchange so many for one?'"

The idea of taxing the American Colonies was suggested to Sir Robert Walpole, as a compensation for the failure of the Excise scheme in England, but he wisely replied, "I have Old England against me, and do you think I will have New England likewise?" Lord Mahon adds that "unhappily the decision on this subject was now to rest with a statesman of far less either good sense or good humour than Sir Robert

* Vol. V. p. 353. Macaulay says £1000.

Walpole." The following passage, in which Lord Mahon quotes from Lord Orford's Memoirs, does not say much for the usefulness of the Colonial Office, however significant as to its capability of doing mischief.

"It used to be said some sixty years since by one of the Under Secretaries of State, that Mr. Grenville lost America because he read the American despatches, which none of his predecessors ever did! As in many other pithy sayings, this jest contains a leaven of truth. So long as the American Colonies were let alone, they flourished. But no sooner were they pried into with the view of exacting money from them, than they became a darkening scene of anger and complaints, of tumults and alarms."*

In Lord Mahon's sketch of the leading characters in the Colonies, Dr. Franklin occupies, of course, a prominent position, but is exhibited in a not altogether favourable light. It is first pointed out that

"—when the Stamp Bill had passed both Houses and received the Royal Assent, Dr. Franklin entertained no other idea concerning it but acquiescence and alleviating its burthen by patient industry. There seemed to him no prospect that the Americans could or should any further oppose it. He consented at Grenville's request, as did also the other agents, each for his own province, to nominate a person, whom he thought most likely to be acceptable, as the Stamp Distributor in Pennsylvania. To one of his confidential friends he wrote that he had found it impossible to prevent the passing of this Act. 'We might as well have hindered the sun's setting. That we could not do. But since it is down, my friend, let us make as good a night of it as we can. We may still light candles. Frugality and industry will go a great way towards indemnifying us.'† The Americans were by no means inclined to follow these prudent,—perhaps they may have termed them pusillanimous,—counsels."‡

In the brief biography given of Franklin, Lord Mahon does not omit to mention his want of firm reliance on the truths of Revelation, his "cold approbation of the 'system of morals' bequeathed to us by 'Jesus of Nazareth,'" and his systematic absence from public worship; "Sunday being my studying day."

"Such being Franklin's own practice, and such his own description of it as to public worship, it seems worthy of note that it was he who in the American Convention brought forward a motion for daily prayers. 'I have lived, Sir,' said he, 'a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?' But in spite of this most earnest appeal the motion was rejected, since, as we are told, 'the Convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary.'"§

After remarking that his religious scepticism or indifference helped to make him popular in the Parisian circles, he observes, with insinuating irony, "that his Quaker-like attire may have tended to invest him in their estimation with the other attributes which they assigned to the ideal Quaker character, as simplicity, guilelessness, inviolable truth." At a subsequent period of the history, after the violent and

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* Vol. V. p. 123.

† Letter to Mr. Charles Thompson, July 11, 1765. Mr. Thompson says in his answer, "I much fear, instead of the candles you mention being lighted, you will hear of the works of darkness!"

‡ Vol. V. pp. 132, 133.

§ Vol. V. p. 141.

bitter attack on Franklin before the Council by Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General, and his dismissal from the office of Deputy Post-Master-General, for having transmitted to the Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Assembly private letters from the Governor and others, which had been purloined and brought to Dr. Frankland, Lord Mahon entertains no doubt that, calm as he appeared, "the iron had entered into his soul; and that the resentment he conceived not only against the English government, but against the English people, was both deep and lasting." He does not, indeed, insist upon the truth of the story told by Dr. Priestley and vouched for by Mr. Bancroft, but questioned by Mr. Jared Sparks, that "Franklin carefully laid by the dress of figured Manchester velvet in which he had stood before the Privy Council, and as carefully resumed it some years afterwards on the day of signing that treaty by which England first acknowledged the independence of America." Lord Mahon acquits Franklin of all communication with John the Painter, who designed to set fire secretly to the several dockyards, and thus destroy the navy of Great Britain, and who stated his belief that Dr. Franklin was employed on the same errand; but he adds in a note, "Yet some persons may consider as significant the hint which he drops in a letter to Dr. Priestley many months before—'England has begun to burn our seaport towns; secure, I suppose, that we shall never be able to return the outrage in kind.'"* The insinuated inference here is unfair, since it is clear that the utmost retaliation contemplated by Franklin was by open warfare. It is not so clear, however, that he can be exonerated from the charge of underhand manœuvring and double-dealing, on the one hand strongly deprecating the separation of the Colonies from Great Britain, and especially paying court to Chatham in his efforts to preserve their connection, while on the other hand he was secretly fomenting disunion with a view to the ultimate declaration of independence, and making Chatham's eloquent opposition to the measures of government instrumental to the attainment of the very result which it was that great statesman's ardent desire to avert.

Lord Mahon claims for the modern Tory party the credit of not requiring family and fortune as indispensable qualities in their leaders, and contrasts them in this respect with the aristocratic Whigs. It may be true that the Tories have commonly shewn more of the wisdom characteristic of "the children of this world" in being ready to avail themselves of any instrument that would best effect their purposes; but the rule with the Whigs has not been without distinguished exceptions; and it should not be forgotten that from the Revolution to the accession of George III. the Whig party was identified with the Crown, and therefore naturally included a larger proportion of noble families. Moreover, with all the disadvantages of aristocratic exclusiveness, a party which habitually chooses its leaders from those of ancient lineage and high position, will not readily embark in disgraceful undertakings or resort to dishonourable arts. Again, brilliant talent, on which Lord Mahon lays so much stress, however useful to an Opposition, is not always to be preferred to the solid and prudent qualities which should be found in an Administration. It is justly observed, however, that

* Vol. VI. pp. 217, 218, note.

at the commencement of the reign of George III. there was a great confusion of parties, and though the old names were retained, or rather revived, it was with no very accurate definition of meaning, and the principal struggles for office were between different sections of the Whigs themselves. The mischief and littleness of party distinctions and party contests, when no great principle is at stake, are properly dwelt upon by our author.

"Whenever there may rise in view any great public aim or object,—as of aggression or defence, to reform or to maintain,—then the great public benefit of party will scarcely be denied by any one who has studied state affairs in history. Still less will it be denied by any one who has seen them in action. But when no such aim exists, when no foreign danger threatens, when no internal change is contemplated, then the question suggests itself whether party may not grow an evil to the commonwealth, whether it be not, as it has been called, the madness of many for the gain of a few. Was it worth while for statesmen to combine in leagues and factions only for the sake of some subaltern intriguers,—that Rigby might pin himself to the skirts of one of them,—that Wedderburn might sell his eloquence by turns to the best bidder? * * * * * The most valid plea, perhaps, for the existence of party at such times is, that it kept the machinery and framework ready and in use for other times when party combinations came to be in truth essential to the public good. It might be too late to forge the weapon when the warfare should begin. But it is natural that considerations like these should have little weight with men plunged in all the turmoil of active life, and feeling the present difficulty more than the prospective advantage."*

On the foundation of these general remarks Lord Mahon ingeniously raises a plausible defence of George III. and the King's friends, as though it had been their sole, disinterested aim to promote the public good independently of party connections, and examines at some length the severe and powerful animadversions of Burke in his "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," published in 1770. Our author's defence of the *party* of the King's friends seems to us, however, we confess, more plausible than solid; and it is amusing to contrast the respectable, almost dignified, position in which he strives to place them, with the description of them by Macaulay, who says, after stating the King's restless desire to detach public men from one another and make them dependent on himself,—

"Thus sprang into existence and into note a reptile species of politicians never before and never since known in our country. These men disclaimed all political ties, except those which bound them to the throne. They were willing to coalesce with any party, to abandon any party, to undermine any party, to assault any party, at a moment's notice. To them, all administrations and all oppositions were the same. They regarded Bute, Grenville, Rockingham, Pitt, without one sentiment either of predilection or aversion. They were the King's friends. It is to be observed that this friendship implied no personal intimacy. * * * * Only one of them ever saw his face, except on public days. The whole band, however, always had early and accurate information as to his personal inclinations. None of these people were high in the administration. They were generally to be found in places of much emolument, little labour, and no responsibility; and these places they continued to occupy securely while the cabinet was six or seven

* Vol. V. pp. 172, 173.

times reconstructed. Their peculiar business was not to support the ministry against the opposition, but to support the King against the ministry. * * * In return for these services, the King covered them with his protection. It was to no purpose that his responsible servants complained to him that they were daily betrayed and impeded by men who were eating the bread of the Government. He sometimes justified the offenders, sometimes excused them, sometimes owned that they were to blame, but said that he must take time to consider whether he could part with them. He never would turn them out; and while everything else in the state was constantly changing, these sycophants seemed to have a life-estate in their offices."*

Lord Mahon's notice of Burke, as of other eminent men who appear in the course of his narrative, is succinct and discriminating, yet with a generous appreciation of his great powers. The amiable and exemplary character of Lord Camden is feelingly described. In the following passage the author seems to have forgotten his own defence of the King's friends.

"He never bartered his principles for place. He never plotted against his colleagues. He never betrayed nor yet ever fawned upon his Sovereign. Such things, far from tainting his conduct, did not even sully his thoughts. On the contrary, while among his own contemporaries some displayed more vigour in the fierce contentions of party, none perhaps evinced more honourable steadiness in those friendships and those principles for the sake of which alone party is desirable, for the sake of which alone party can be justified."†

Lord Mahon discusses at some length the authorship of the Letters of Junius, which he assigns exclusively to Sir Philip Francis. We observe that the noble Editor of Lord Rockingham's Memoirs believes that Sir Philip put the Letters into shape, but that the materials were supplied to him by George Grenville (and after his death by Lord Temple) through the medium of his private secretary, Mr. Charles Lloyd. Our author considers that the merits of Junius as a writer have been greatly overrated, and quotes an observation made to him by the late Sir Robert Peel in 1832, to the effect that several of the leading articles in the Times newspaper during the past year were not at all inferior in ability. Such, indeed, is the amount of good writing at the present day, that we believe, if Junius were to re-appear, he would excite little or no attention, and his Letters are now remarkable rather from the historical interest attaching to the sensation they created than from their intrinsic excellence. Whatever be thought of their literary merits, the virulent acrimony of their unscrupulous invective cannot be defended.

In reading some of the admired passages of Chatham's great speeches, it is curious to observe how the power of eloquence may blind the hearers to the most obvious fallacies. Thus, for example, he illustrated his opinion against the disfranchisement of small boroughs, the corruption of which was confessed, by a most unfortunate metaphor. "In my judgment, my Lords, these small boroughs, corrupt as they are, must be considered as the natural infirmity of the Constitution. The limb is mortified, but the amputation might be death." The great orator forgot that, when a limb is mortified, amputation affords the only chance of averting death; which was precisely the argument for disfranchising the rotten boroughs, thus preserving the vitality of the

* Edinburgh Review, Vol. LXXX. pp. 576, 577. † Vol. V. p. 315.

Constitution and restoring it to soundness; more especially as, unlike the human frame, it might be provided with new and more vigorous limbs in the form of fresh constituencies. Among the many specimens of Lord Chatham's eloquence which Lord Mahon presents to his readers, he does not mention his celebrated retort on the Episcopal Bench, on occasion of the Bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters, when Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York, had called the Dissenting ministers "men of close ambition."

"The Dissenting ministers are represented as men of close ambition: in some respects they are so; but their ambition is to keep close to the college of fishermen, not of cardinals—to the doctrine of inspired apostles, not to the decrees of interested and aspiring bishops: *they* contend for a spiritual creed and spiritual worship; *we* have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy."*

In our author's description of Lord North and his extraordinary personal peculiarities, no notice is taken of what we find stated elsewhere, that

"—he bore a most striking resemblance to the royal family, or all that part of it which descended from Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. * * His face, it was said, might be esteemed a caricature of the king's; and those who remembered the great intimacy which subsisted between Frederick, the king's father, and the Countess of Guildford, found no difficulty in accounting for the similarity."†

Lord Mahon gives two amusing illustrations of the sweetness of his temper, the first in debate, the second (on the authority of his youngest daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay) in private life. A member had spoken of him as "that thing called a Minister."

"'Well to be sure,' he replied, here patting his ample sides, 'I am an unwieldy thing; the Honourable Member therefore when he called me 'a thing' said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added, 'that thing called a Minister,' he called me that thing which of all things he himself wished most to be, and therefore I took it as a compliment.'" * * * "She tells us that he had one drunken stupid groom who used to provoke him, and who from this uncommon circumstance was called by the children 'the man who puts Papa in a passion.' Yet it seems this drunken stupid groom was never discarded, but died in the service of the same indulgent master."‡

Further on we have an admission which shews, gently as it is worded, that, like his royal master, with all his amiable domestic qualities, he was not fit for his important political position.

"It is his main reproach as he stands before the tribunal of History, nor can History absolve him from the charge, that he frequently yielded his own deliberate judgment to the persuasion of his Sovereign or of his friends. His daughter owns it as his weakness, which, she adds, followed him through life,—'the want of power to resist the influence of those he loved.' Thus it is that on several occasions, though not from any base or sordid or unworthy motive, he stooped to be an instrument of measures which he did not in his heart approve; thus it is that on many questions of policy at least, though not perhaps on any question of principle, we find his public speeches defend the very course which his private letters arraign."§

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* Pictorial History of England, Vol. V. p. 152. † Ibid. p. 88.
‡ Vol. V. pp. 385, 386. § Vol. V. pp. 386, 387.

Our author gives a striking description of Lord Thurlow and of the awe which he inspired. He quotes the saying of Fox, "that no man ever yet was so wise as Thurlow looked." He is obliged to admit, however, of this Church-and-King-man, that his Church principles were tarnished by immorality, and his politics by inconsistency. Such an admission may somewhat lower our appreciation of the statement that

"Men of merit and learning seldom needed any other recommendation to his favour. Thus on reading Horsley's Letters to Dr. Priestley, he at once obtained for the author a Stall at Gloucester, saying (what I earnestly wish all other Chancellors had borne in mind) that 'those who supported the Church should be supported by it.'" *

We are not informed whether Lord Thurlow read *Priestley's* Letters to *Horsley*, or bestowed any of his ever-ready favour on the *Dissenter's* "merit and learning." However, as Mr. Belsham very fairly says, "both parties retired equally well satisfied from the conflict—Dr. Priestley with his *victory*, and Dr. Horsley with his *mitre*."

The portion of Lord Mahon's volumes which excites the most stirring interest, though melancholy and harassing to an English reader, is, of course, that which is concerned with the rise and progress of the American war. Rash and infatuated as was the British policy which provoked that war, Lord Mahon is strongly of opinion, and carries the conviction of the reader with him, that but for the equal infatuation displayed in the conduct of the war, the immediate result would have been very different. In a former volume, when speaking of Clive's brilliant achievements in India, he expresses his belief that, had Clive never been born, we should not, at least in that generation, have conquered Hindostan, and, had he lived longer, we should not, at least in that generation, have lost North America. So in the present volumes, when detailing the strange blunders of the British generals in America, he exclaims, "Oh for one hour of a Wellington or a Clive!" The history of the war might certainly suggest to a superstitious imagination that the hand of Providence specially interposed to confound the counsels of the British forces, in order to shorten the duration of an unjust and unnatural conflict, which could have but one ultimate result. Had the British arms been directed by a Wellington, or even had those of the Americans *not* been directed by the calm wisdom and perseverance of a Washington, the Colonies must have been, in the first instance, completely overpowered, especially with the aid of the loyal feeling prevalent in many quarters, as in New York and Philadelphia. Nor can we contemplate without indignation the cowardly exultation of the American riflemen (shared also by Dr. Franklin), when they had harassed the *lobsters* (as they unfeelingly nicknamed the British redcoats) during their return from Lexington, by picking them off from behind trees and buildings, after the skulking manner of Indian warfare. The Americans were at first so utterly unprepared for a contest with regular troops, that Washington, who, alone of his countrymen, calmly appreciated the difficulties with which he had to contend, repeatedly expressed his hoplessness of success, had he not been, as it seemed, miraculously aided by the extraordinary errors and inactivity of the

* Vol. V. p. 446.

British commanders. As it is possible that, but for Wolfe, Canada would not now have been ours, so, if there had again been "a master-mind like Chatham's" at the head of affairs "to discover and call forth a master-mind like Wolfe's," the other colonies might not yet have been lost. One of the disgraceful features of the war tending still further to inflame the resentment of the colonists, was the hiring of foreign mercenaries from German states, on which our author comments in terms of sarcastic severity.* It might, indeed, be questioned whether *foreign* mercenaries had not just as much real interest in the war as *home* mercenaries, and whether it was not even less unnatural and revolting for those who were aliens in blood and language to be arrayed against one another in battle, than for those who were closely bound together as brethren by language, manners, historical associations, religion and descent. In the Declaration of Independence, as first drawn out by Jefferson, one of the grievances alleged was that the English King and people sent over "not only soldiers of our common blood, but *Scotch* and foreign mercenaries," in accordance with the strong prejudice then prevalent against the nation north of the Tweed. But this passage was struck out, as was also another condemning the African slave-trade, lest it should displease the Southern colonies. Lord Mahon remarks on the curious coincidence of the death of both John Adams and Jefferson on the fiftieth anniversary of the day when the celebrated Declaration, of which they had been the main movers, and which was the foundation of their future greatness as Presidents of the United States, was sent forth. At this point in the narrative some reflections are interposed by the author as to the motives of the contending parties and the results of the separation, together with the possible results, had the separation been avoided. He considers that "the great mass of the people meant honestly on both shores of the Atlantic," and whilst he entirely exempts Washington from blame, on the one hand, he equally claims the credit of upright intentions for George III. on the other, who, he maintains, was in duty bound not "to forfeit a portion of his birthright and a jewel of his crown" without "straining every nerve against it." This language savours somewhat of the doctrine that nations are made for kings, and not kings for nations. As a trustee for the political welfare of the state, the King was in duty bound to consider the just rights and true interests of his subjects, and not merely his own self-importance as the acknowledged head of a vast empire. When the settlers in the vast forests of America had toiled hard for generations to lay the foundations of a thriving community three thousand miles away, they were not likely to regard themselves simply as "a portion of his birthright and a jewel of his crown." There is plausibility in the remark that, after appealing to his loyal subjects in the colonies to aid him in the effort to uphold his authority, it was his duty not lightly to relinquish that effort, and abandon them to the vengeance of their countrymen; and that it was also desirable, if possible, to prevent the precedent of victory to colonial in-

* The following is one of the extracts from the letters of George III. to Lord North, given in the Appendix to Vol. VI.:

"November 14, 1775.—The giving commissions to German officers to get men I can by no means consent to, for it in plain English amounts to making me a kidnapper, which I cannot think a very honourable occupation."

surrection. But the force of all this evidently depends upon the assumption that the King's government was right in seeking to enforce taxation, and the Americans unjustifiable in their resistance. The following passage from the letters of George III. to Lord North, already referred to, exhibits the views and feelings of the King.

"I own that any war, be it ever so successful, if a person will sit down and weigh the expense, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the state enriched; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter. It is necessary for those whom Providence has placed in my station to weigh whether expenses, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what would be more ruinous than any loss of money. * * * Whether the laying a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it, I should suppose no man could allege without being thought (more) fit for Bedlam than a seat in the senate; but step by step the demands of America have risen. Independence is their object, which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a momentary and inglorious peace must concur with me in thinking this country can never submit to. Should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow, not in independence, but for their own interest they must become dependant on America. Ireland would soon follow; and this island, reduced to itself, would be a poor island indeed."*

Lord Mahon frankly admits that, contrary to these forebodings, the actual results of the separation have been of immense advantage to the mother country, as well as to the United States, by the commercial intercourse flowing from the extraordinary development of their wealth and prosperity. He quotes the observation of Mr. Macaulay, that England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolutely mistress of the sea, as since the alienation of her American colonies. But he questions whether the new form of government has promoted the happiness of the United States themselves, and appeals, quite irrelevantly as it seems to us, to the interminable revolutions in the Spanish colonies of South America, as an illustration of the evil that *may* result from throwing off the yoke of the mother country, even when that yoke is galling and oppressive. He acknowledges the wonderfully rapid growth of the United States, their comfortable and well-educated working classes, and their high sense of national honour; but he refers to "the careworn faces," "the hurried steps," "the unsocial meals," "the incessant party cries," "the fretful aspirations and the feverish hopes resulting from the unbounded space of competition open to them without check or barrier," and "the innumerable disappointments and heartburnings which, in consequence, arise;" quoting also, in illustration, from Dr. Channing's celebrated Letter to Mr. Clay on the Annexation of Texas. He prudently adds, however, the following sentence, which invalidates the whole argument: "Whether the people of the United States might have been as thriving and more happy had they remained British subjects, I will not presume to say." He certainly hits the Americans rather hard in his remark that, had they so remained, the plague-spot of slavery would have been long since removed and compensation made to the owners; but we think they will laugh (unhappy as he alleges them to be) at his suggestion that they

* Vol. VI., Appendix, p. xliii.

might have been happier with the "checks and barriers" provided by connection with a government three thousand miles off!

"In long-established governments, the influence of laws, or not less powerful of customs and habits,—as in colonies, the orders from home,—tend alike to limit ambition and avert disappointment. In countries, on the contrary, where the tide of revolution has swept all landmarks away—where any man may become any thing—where a thousand men in consequence are striving for an object which only one can attain—the result is, in theory, perfect freedom, but in practice, vanity and vexation of spirit. Something independent of ourselves—something fixed and firm—something which we know that our will cannot subvert, and beyond which, therefore, our hopes do not aspire,—seems requisite in all human society to its present peace and well-being, and still more to its future security and permanence."*

That there are faults and deficiencies in the prevalent habits and feelings of the Americans, even they, *perhaps*, would not deny; but they would reasonably regard Lord Mahon's suggested remedy as infinitely worse than their alleged disease. The notion of precluding the anxieties and mortifications attendant on a state of freedom and privilege by "checks and barriers," "something fixed and firm,"—of averting the evils of ambition by shutting out hope,—reminds us of Horne Tooke's ironical aphorism, "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." With our author's concluding remarks, however, we heartily concur:

"Until 1776, views like these, so far as the United States are concerned in them, might have been warnings for the future. Since 1782, at the latest, they are merely day-dreams of the past. In place of them, let us now indulge the hope and expectation that the American people may concur with ours in desiring that no further resentment may be nourished, no further strife be stirred, between the kindred nations; so that both, mindful of their common origin, and conscious of their growing greatness, may both alike discard, as unworthy of them, all mean and petty jealousies, and be ever henceforth what Nature has designed them—friends."

During the very pleasing task of perusing these volumes, we noted many other passages for observation or extraction, as the author warmed our feelings into sympathy, or aroused our critical propensities, by such matter as the eloquent and indignant bursts of Chatham, Fox and Thurlow, the affecting death of Chatham, the shameful mismanagement of the commissariat, the hopeless inactivity of the Opposition, the miserable disasters of the war, the treachery of the American leaders to General Burgoyne, the somewhat disparaging notice of Lafayette, and the noble character and arduous career of Washington. We believe, however, that we have for the most part discharged our *critical* duties; and as we fear that we have already trespassed beyond our allotted space, we will now content ourselves with recommending the volumes to the perusal of our readers, and appending, as an appropriate termination to our article and a happy specimen of the author's style, the conclusion of his chapter on "Voyages of Discovery:"

"Not merely in the Tropic islands, where, safe within their coral-reefs, the islanders may listen to the outer Ocean's roaring surges—not merely in the realm of eternal winter, where even the restless surges are bound fast by

* Vol. VI. pp. 159, 160.

frost—but through the burning sands of Africa, the marshy jungles of Siam, or the tangled brush-woods of New South Wales—wherever the keel can glide, the sledge draw, or the camel carry, or the unassisted human footstep tread—in every clime, and on every soil,—wherever in the quest of knowledge or of conquest there is glory to be won,—there the indomitable spirit of Anglo-Saxon enterprise has overcome most obstacles, and is striving against all."*

J. R.

TRUE RELIGION.

[The passage that follows, taken from Dr. Isaac Barrow's sermon on "The Pleasantness of Religion," has been transcribed by a valued correspondent, with the remark that it is delightful to find how nearly the wisest and best men of different churches and creeds are agreed as to what is the nature of true religion.]

The principal advantage of wisdom is, its acquainting us with the nature and reason of true religion, and affording convictive arguments to persuade to the practice of it; which is accompanied with the purest delight, and attended with the most solid content imaginable. I say, the nature of religion, wherein it consists, and what it requires; the mistake of which produceth daily so many mischiefs and inconveniences in the world, and exposes so good a name to so much reproach. It sheweth it consisteth not in fair professions and glorious pretences, but in real practice; not in a pertinacious adherence to any sect or party, but in a sincere love of goodness and dislike of naughtiness, wherever discovering itself; not in vain ostentations and flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind, exerting itself in works of true devotion and charity; not in a nice orthodoxy, or politic subjection of our judgments to the peremptory dictates of men, but in a sincere love of truth, in a hearty approbation of a compliance with the doctrines fundamentally good, and necessary to be believed; not in harsh censuring and virulently inveighing against others, but in careful amending our own ways; not in a peevish crossness and obstinate repugnancy to received laws and customs, but in a quiet and peaceful submission to the express laws of God and lawful commands of man; not in a furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscionable practising the substantial parts of religion; not in a frequent talking or contentious disputing about it, but in a ready observance of the unquestionable rules and prescripts of it. In a word, that religion consists in nothing else but doing what becomes our relation to God, in a conformity or similitude to his nature, and in a willing obedience to his holy will: to which by potent incentives it allures and persuades us, by representing to us his transcendently glorious attributes, conspicuously displayed in the frame, order and government of the world; that wonderful Power, which erected this great and goodly fabric; that incomprehensible Wisdom, which preserves it in constant harmony; that immense Goodness, which has so carefully provided for the various necessities, delights and comforts of

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* Vol. VI. pp. 458, 459.

its innumerable inhabitants. I say, by representing those infinitely glorious perfections, it engages us with highest respect to esteem, reverence and honour him. Also, by reminding us of our manifold obligations to him, our receiving being, life, reason, sense, all the faculties, powers, excellences, privileges and commodities of our natures from him; of his tender care and loving providence continually supporting and protecting us; of his liberal beneficence, patient indulgence, and earnest desire of our good and happiness by manifold expressions evidently manifested towards us; it influences us with ardent love, and obliges us to officious gratitude toward him. Also, by declaring the necessary and irreconcilable contrariety of his nature to all impurity and perverseness, his peerless majesty, his irresistible power, and his all-seeing knowledge, it begets an awful dread and devout fear of him. By discovering him from his infinite benignity willing, and from his unlimited power only able to supply our needs, relieve us in distresses, protect us from dangers, and confer any valuable benefit upon us, it engenders faith and encourages us to rely on him. By revealing to us his supereminent sovereignty, uncontrollable dominion, and unquestionable authority over us; together with the admirable excellency, wisdom and equity of his laws, so just and reasonable in themselves, so suitable to our nature, so conducible to our good, so easy and practicable, so sweet and comfortable; it powerfully inclines, and by a gentle force as it were constrains us to obedience. By such efficacious inducements wisdom urges us to all duties of religion, and withal surely directs us (as I before said) wherein it consists; teaches us to have right and worthy apprehensions of the Divine nature, to which our devotion (if true and good) must be suited and conformed: and so it frees us as from irreligion and profane neglect of God, so from fond superstitions, the sources of so much evil to mankind. For he that wisely hath considered the wisdom, goodness and power of God, cannot imagine God can with a regardless eye overlook his presumptuous contempts of his laws, or endure him to proceed in an outrageous defiance of heaven, to continue hurting himself, or injuring his neighbour; nor can admit unreasonable terrors, or entertain suspicious conceits of God, as of an imperious Master or implacable Tyrant over him, exacting impossible performances from, or delighting in the fatal miseries of his creatures; nor can suppose him pleased with hypocritical shows, and greatly taken with superficial courtships of ceremonious address; or that he can in any wise favour our fiery zeals, fierce passions, or unjust partialities about matter of opinion and ceremony; or can do otherwise than detest all factious, harsh, uncharitable and revengeful proceedings, of what nature or upon what ground soever; or that he can be so inconsistent with himself as to approve anything but what is like himself, that is Righteousness, Sincerity and Beneficence.

SELF-PAINTING.

Most painters have painted themselves. So have most poets; not so palpably, indeed, and confessedly, but still more assiduously. Some have done nothing else.—*Guesses at Truth.*

INSPIRATION AND NEW COLLEGE.*

The account which we gave in our last number (p. 320) of the inquisition into heresy at the New College, London, proves to be quite correct. Mr. Theobald's Statement seems to us fully to vindicate the young men from every charge except that of thinking and trying to understand a grave theological question; and to throw upon the New College and its conductors the blame of deliberate suppression of free inquiry amid large avowals of liberality, and of most arbitrary proceedings in matters of college government.

"Students, upon entering the College, are not asked to subscribe any documentary creed." In the course of their theological studies, the questions of the Inspiration and Authority of the Scriptures come under their notice. Their minds are perplexed with many difficulties, but in earnest search of truth. The old notion of plenary verbal inspiration they discard, and find in the Biblical Review, to which their own Theological Professors were leading contributors, freer notions on the subject expressed. But their Principal has more lately lectured on the subject within the College walls in more timid style,

> "Back recoiling (knows he why?)
> E'en from the sound himself has made."

Three students are told that the opinions they have expressed on these subjects are unsound. They are not told what their mistake is, nor what the true belief is; they ask for explanation in both these directions, and it is denied them. They are requested to withdraw from the College for three months to consider their opinions,—to leave the very place of learning and reflection, in order to settle the crude thoughts there first excited into action—but still without any standard given of the expected orthodoxy. They are, on declining to do this, requested to withdraw from the College altogether, as holding "opinions incompatible with the retention of their position as students for the Christian ministry." They protest (or their fathers for them) against the coldly official character and great precipitancy of these proceedings, and request,

1. That their moral characters should be placed above suspicion;
2. That the opinions for which they are condemned should be distinctly specified; and
3. That the creed or law according to which they are judged should be produced.

Not one of these three reasonable demands is attended to; but the Council have the assurance to resolve that "they have *already* sufficiently complied with these requests," and hint that the suggested *voluntary* secession of the young men from the College had been kindly meant by the Council as a method of *protecting* them. Such protection being declined, the Council expel them.

Comment is needless, as indignation is fruitless. Except in religious bodies, such things could not be done. The secular world would be ashamed of them. Courts of justice require a charge to be stated, evidence to be given, and law to be cited. Men of business (unless doing amateur business in the theological line, as church deacons or college

* Statement of Facts connected with the Expulsion of Three Students from New College, London. By Robert M. Theobald, M. A., one of the Expelled. Pp. 40. London—Robert Theobald, 26, Paternoster Row.

directors) are usually observant of the first principles of right and the natural law of evidence.

On the great questions of the Inspiration and Authority of the Scriptures, Mr. Theobald's pamphlet shews us (as we should expect and as he himself avows) a mind still somewhat out at sea. But among the speculations which he seems to have looked upon with favour, we are astonished that he should not have hit upon the very obvious and, in our view, all-important observation, that the scriptural writers, *as writers*, never claim inspiration at all. The Lawgiver claims it for his law, the Prophet for his message, the Christ for his gospel; but never the writer for his writing. He writes the inspired thing in his own way, without further inspiration given to write it. Be it his own inspired message or that of another, he needs no inspiration to write it down. A history of Greece need not be written in Greek, nor a record of inspired sayings and miraculous doings be written in miraculous characters or indited by inspired thought. What is the kind, degree or mode of operation of the inspiration claimed by Lawgiver, Prophet, Messiah or Apostle, is still another question; but this question is to be asked of them as teaching and doing, not of those who write down what they did and taught. Mr. Theobald has not fastened upon this broad and important distinction. If he has had his hand upon it occasionally, he has let it go again, and still perplexes himself with the question of the inspiration of the *writers*. And so, in his letter to his father, he says he believes one of the points on which he is considered heretical is this: "I do *not* believe that the inspiration of the men of old time who wrote the books of the Old and New Testament, is of a *different kind* from that which Christians may now enjoy." But the real question is of the inspiration of some *who are written of*. Was that only such as Christians may now enjoy?

The *subjective and objective* have been words of peril in New College, London, as among ardent young metaphysicians elsewhere. Properly understood, they only mean to express one of those simple facts, by the practical recognition of which we may all be logicians without knowing that we are so. Truth is *objective*, as it exists in the nature of things, whether you or I know it or not,—abstract truth or absolute fact, as it would be known to an infallible Pope if there were such a being, as it is before the Supreme Intelligence. *Subjective* truth is, truth as apprehended by my mind or yours, limited by our bounded view, obscured, distorted by our prejudices, mixed up with our mistakes. My subjective truth may differ from yours, and both from the objective of reality as seen by the All-knowing. My subjective may become more and more true to the objective, by inquiry and reflection on my part and help from others abler than myself. But *always my subjective is to me the truth*, however like or unlike to the objective. And you cannot tell me how like or unlike to the objective it is, but only how like or unlike to your subjective, which is your modification of the same objective.

In simpler language, truth is practically to each of us his own perception of truth. It is and can be nothing else. How is this made clearer by the jargon of *subjective* and *objective*?

It is useless to debate, then, whether the "standard of truth" is subjective or objective (the trap, apparently, laid for our three students). There is a faculty within me to discern truth, and there are sources of

knowledge without me (including the minds of other men living in person or living in books). By the standard, do you mean the judging faculty, or do you mean the materials which may guide its conclusions? Do you mean the judge, or the evidence? We want both; as we want both the eye and the light. If you call the Scriptures the standard, you might as well call the faculty within the standard too. We want both when Revelation is the topic. It is but the old question of Reason and Revelation. Are reason and revelation opposed? The question is absurd. Reason is the faculty, revelation the subject-matter addressing that faculty. Can the eye see without light? Can the light give vision without an eye? The one is the organ, the other the influence addressing it. No more can revelation supersede reason, because the former is an influence addressing itself to the latter as a faculty. If we must have it so, revelation is objective, to the subjectivity of reason. Is "the standard," then, the subjective part, or the objective? Beautiful trap laid for a young metaphysician! Let him answer, *Both*, *Either*, *Neither*, *according to what you mean by standard.* If you mean the faculty of truth, it is subjective. If you mean the materials, objective, so far as historical revelation is concerned. If you mean the necessary conditions for opinion, then both subjective and objective. We want the faculty, and we want the materials of knowledge. The objective does not understand and judge for me; I subjectively judge of it.

We do not think Mr. Theobald's explanation quite clears the matter up, but it shews pretty plainly how ingenious a pitfall has been laid in the subjectivities and objectivities; and with this quotation we conclude, together with our expression of ardent sympathy with him and his fellow-thinkers, William H. White and Frederick M. White:

"The following representation, which seems to have come from an official source, has been given to the public of the nature of the opinions which are condemned in us:

"'The question is not, as it has been represented to be [? where, and by whom?] the mere question of inspiration, but the more important, comprehensive and vital question as to the authority of the Sacred Scriptures, as the rule of Christian faith and standard of Christian doctrine; the three students, whose case has been brought before the public, having distinctly avowed their conviction that the ultimate standard of appeal in matters of belief is subjective, not objective,—the individual consciousness, rather than the record of revelation.'

"The writer of this (it is anonymous) ought to have known (my first impulse was to write *must* have known) that the explanation which he gives in the last clause of this passage is one that *we never gave our assent to;* that although I said that I thought the standard of appeal respecting *moral and spiritual* truth (*not*, be it observed, respecting the matters of fact on which Christian faith is grounded) is subjective, not objective, I never said,—the idea is quite foreign to all my habits of thought, and I will venture to affirm, *could* not, even in the entanglements of a metaphysical conversation, have fallen from me,—that the ultimate appeal regarding *any* kind of truth is the individual consciousness. If it be said that this is logically involved, it might be sufficient to reply—that it is a happy thing for the world that men are so often *il*logical, and do not rigorously carry out all the consequences legitimately deducible from the principles which they hold, and that therefore every man should be judged, not according to the logical results of his opinions, but according to the place they occupy in the scheme of his life and thinking. This principle is not at all a novel one, and I am not sure that it may not have

a more direct application to my own case than I am at present conscious of. For one of my most valued and respected advisers—whose vigorous mind and equitable disposition enable and dispose him to penetrate beneath all mere expressions, into the substantive truth, existing in the thoughts of the individual who may use those expressions,—assures me that when I spoke of *the* standard of appeal as subjective, I did not rightly state my own belief,—which is rather that there must be *a* subjective standard of appeal. And when I made that statement *in reply to a question* (for I alone am responsible for *this* reply), it was suggested that I had confounded different things. I could not at that time sufficiently ponder over the matter to clear up the difficulty, and therefore merely protested against being questioned on such abstruse metaphysical points. I never thought *this* would be reproduced, much less with such a gratuitous explanation appended to it. To do so is exceedingly ungenerous and unjust—not to use any stronger language. Indeed some of the most damaging things said of us have been by a sleight-of-hand kind of use of these much abused, though still useful words, *objective* and *subjective*. Except in this single case, we ourselves have, I think, successfully avoided entangling ourselves in the meshes of these phrases, and at that time *we* did not introduce the phrase, but it was adopted by our interrogator. Leaving, however, terms, I will explain as well as I can what I *do* mean when I speak of a subjective standard of appeal,—and what I think might in substance have been gathered from our various expressions of belief.

"I believe that truth exists whether it is apprehended by man or not, and that every man is bound to search for and submit to it as his absolute lord and ruler; and that every man who is not thus submitting to it is living a bad and lawless life.

"This fact in the *moral order* of the world implies the further fact in the *providential arrangements* of the world, that every sincere and earnest inquirer after truth is able to find and recognize so much as will enable him to lead a holy and pure life.

"The mere knowledge of truth is vain and mischievous unless it leads to right feeling and right action. Truth is intended to be practical.

"In order that truth may be thus practical, it must be *possessed*,—possessed, that is, by the *whole* man,—intellect, heart, conscience and will. Truth that is *outside* the soul cannot influence the interior of a man's nature.

"Human life, therefore, must be guided by such truth as has a natural and abiding relation to it, and is capable of spontaneously identifying itself with it.

"That is to say, truth that sways man must contain its own self-affirming authority and an internal evidence of its worth.

"If a man is from any cause incapable of appreciating this in-evidence, he is so far forth incapable of any elevated, spiritual life at all.

"This is what I mean when I say that moral truth must have a subjective standard of appeal. And this is being constantly affirmed in one form or another from every pulpit in Christendom—that no one fully believes the truth till he feels it to be his own inalienable treasure, till he finds the surest guarantee for its reality in the experiences of his own heart.

"And this is the actual way in which men *do* believe in Divine Truth. If to the question—Why do you believe that 'God is love?'—the reply were given,—Because it is so written in 1 John iv. 8—the answer would be felt to be very insufficient, not to say ridiculous. The Reverend Gardner Spring, D.D., attempts to justify slavery from the Bible, and those who use the Bible as an external standard, apart from the sanction it finds in the purified life of man, would find it very difficult to refute his arguments. But the very mention of the phrase 'The Genius of Christianity,' calls up a host of moral powers which indignantly rebuke such sacrilege. And how does any man know what this 'Genius of Christianity' is, but through the general impression which he has received (by reading the Bible, by communing with the Christian life

around him and with that transmitted to him in the pages of history, and by the deep, religious experience of his own spirit) of what the scope and object of Christianity is. And this is the most important guide any one can have in understanding Scripture and expressing himself concerning Christian doctrine."—Pp. 26—28.

E. H. H.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF JOHN LOCKE.

[A friendly correspondent, Rev. M. C. Frankland, of Whitby, has placed at our disposal the following letter of the great English philosopher. We believe that hitherto it has never been printed. It was sent by Mr. Locke to Rebecca Collier, a member of the Society of Friends. It was copied some years ago by Mr. Frankland from a MS. lent him by a very aged member of that Society. We do not suppose that the copy now printed was taken from Mr. Locke's autograph, and we suspect that there is at least one inaccuracy. The phrase, "resurrection of the God of Love," would in any writer sound harsh and strange. In a letter of the author of the "Reasonableness of Christianity," it seems incongruous. Possibly there has been an accidental omission by the original transcriber. If we insert the words, "the Son of," before "the God of Love," the passage will be brought into harmony with the known sentiments of Mr. Locke. We may add that the letter was written in his 68th year, about five years before his death. We do not remember to have met with any reference in the Life and Letters of Locke to the Quaker family of Collier. During the last fifteen years of his life, he chiefly resided at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham. His letters are commonly dated thence, or from Whitehall, or London. We do not remember another instance of his letters being dated from Gray's Inn. In ingenuous and almost infantine simplicity it possesses internal evidence of authenticity, which will be appreciated by every reader well acquainted with the style and matter of Locke's "Familiar Letters."—Ed. C. R.]

Gray's Inn, Nov. 21, 1699.

My sweet Friend,—A paper of sweetmeats by this bearer to attend your journey comes to testify the sweetness I found in your society. I admire no conversation more than that of the Christian freedom; I fear no bondage like that of pride and prejudice.

I now see acquaintance by sight cannot reach the height of enjoyment which acquaintance by knowledge arrives unto: outward bearing may misguide us, but internal knowledge cannot err. We have something here of what we shall have hereafter, to know as we are known: and thus we with our friends were even at the first view mutually partakers; and the more there is of this in life, the less we need inquire of what country, nation, party or persuasion, our friends are: for our own knowledge is more sure than another's is to us: thus we know whom we have believed.

Now the God of all grace grant that you may hold fast that rare grace of love and charity, that unbiassed and unbounded love, which, if it decay not, will spring up mightily, as the waters of the sanctuary, higher and higher, till you, with the universal church, swim together in the ocean of Divine Love.

Women, indeed, had the honour first to publish the resurrection of the God of Love,—why not the resurrection of the Spirit of Love? And let all the disciples of our Lord rejoice therein, as doth your partner in this purity,

John Locke.

LORD FALKLAND.*

The Lady Theresa Lewis very properly gives, in her Memoirs of Friends of Lord Clarendon, precedence to Lord Falkland. Of Lord Clarendon's attachment to him, we possess a monument that will endure as long as the English language lives, in the character he has drawn of his friend in the History of the Rebellion and in his Autobiography. The friendship of these two eminent men, which began when Falkland was twenty years of age, was honourable to both. Clarendon preserved throughout life the recollection of the friend of his youth, and desired in his will that his children might be brought up in habits of friendship with the children of Falkland.† It is matter of wonder, considering the manner in which attention was drawn to the character of Falkland, and the melancholy interest which attaches to his early death, and the affection with which many literary men cherished his memory, that no detailed account of his life was composed by any of his contemporaries, and that not even a collection of his works was published. It was an unfulfilled purpose of Sir Peter Pett both to write the life and to publish the works of Lord Falkland.‡ It may be permitted us to conjecture that Pett felt in some manner drawn to the subject by his sympathy with Falkland's free and rational views of religion.

Lady Lewis has put together, in a manner creditable to her literary taste, much of what was previously known of this accomplished nobleman, and added some interesting particulars which are new. We propose to give a brief sketch of his life and writings, and in the course of it shall add one or two things overlooked by his new biographer, and correct at least one important mistake into which she has fallen. We shall make use of the late Mr. Wallace's very interesting sketch of Lord Falkland's life in the Antitrinitarian Biography (Vol. III. 148—157), as well as Lady Lewis's Memoir, but shall not confine ourselves to these two sources of information. It is to be regretted that she wrote without being acquainted with the results of Mr. Wallace's researches.

Lucius Carey, the second Lord Falkland, was born in 1610, at the Priory of Burford, Oxon, the seat of his father, then Sir Henry Carey, afterwards created by James I. Lord Falkland. A portion of his youthful life was spent in Ireland, where his father discharged the important duties of Lord Lieutenant. In the gossiping memoir of Aubrey, it is stated that Lord Falkland had a house in Coventry, and that there a portion of the youth of Lucius Carey was passed. He studied at the grammar-school, the master of which was Dr. Philemon Holland, the "Translator-General" of his day, then an aged man, and physician as well as pedagogue. Here the student habits of Lucius Carey began, before he was twelve years old, to develop themselves in frequent visits to the library and in protracted night studies. He

* The Life of Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, in "Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon; illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery. By Lady Theresa Lewis." 3 vols. 8vo. London—Murray. 1852.

† Clarendon Papers, II. 361.

‡ See his Preface to Bishop Barlow's Remains.

was afterwards a student both at Trinity College, Dublin, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. At what period he entered, or how long, or under what masters he studied at these Colleges, is not recorded. In a letter to Dr. Beale, the Master of St. John's, he avows his pride in being a St. John's man, and records his indelible affection for his College.* It is singular that Lord Clarendon makes no mention of his friend's residence at Cambridge, and speaks of his returning to England after the completion of his education in Ireland, "unentangled with any acquaintance or friends which usually grow up by the custom of conversation." Anthony Wood, however, not only mentions his connection with Cambridge, but speaks of his visits to Oxford during the education at that University of his brother Lorenzo. This was in 1628, and Exeter College was the scene. We may remark in passing, that in that College, then as now, the prevailing spirit was not very congenial with Protestantism. Laud would have been as honoured a guest there in that day, as Bishop Philpotts is at this. The result was that Lorenzo Carey (whose mother was a zealous Catholic) was perverted to Popery. This circumstance, and others of a similar character affecting other members of his family, deeply interested Lord Falkland in the Protestant controversy. Before he came of age, he became possessed, by the will of his maternal grandfather, of two mansions and estates in Oxfordshire, one of which was Tew, about twelve miles from Oxford.

The youth of Lord Falkland was not free from irregularities. Aubrey states the case very strongly. "My Lord in his youth was very wild, and also mischievous, as being apt to stabbe and doe bloody mischiefs." Lady Lewis has brought to light, by carefully searching into MS. records, a transaction which may have been the sole foundation of Aubrey's charge. In his nineteenth year, Sir Lucius Carey was deprived of a company of which he had the command, that it might be conferred on Sir Francis Willoughby. He resented the preference, and demanded knightly satisfaction from his rival. The latter endeavoured to appease the angry youth by the assurance that it was not his intention or wish to deprive Sir Lucius of his command. The apology was not accepted, and Sir Francis was haughtily told that whether it were *his* act or the King's he was held responsible for it. The Sovereign resented the contumacious spirit of his youthful subject. For ten days Sir Lucius Carey was a prisoner in the Fleet, and was threatened with the vengeance of the Star Chamber. By timely and unreserved submission offered in his behalf to the King by his father, Sir Lucius was released. It was probably after this transaction that he engaged in foreign travel, accompanied by a tutor, whose name is not preserved, but whose virtues secured the lasting respect of his pupil, and whose learning imbued him with new and ardent literary aspirations. On his return to England, he devoted himself to unremitting study. Establishing himself at Tew, he resolved without delay to supply a deficiency in his studies at the two Universities. They had not included a knowledge of the Greek language and literature. Though deeply interested in the attractive society of London, he resolved not again to visit the Metropolis until he had effectually mastered this difficult language. The resolution was kept. Sir Henry

* Life of Dr. John Barwick, Appendix, pp. 551, 552.

Carey was deeply mortified at the passing away of his mother's property at once to his son. To appease his anger, Sir Lucius offered to transfer not merely the possession, but the fee-simple, of the property to his angry parent; but the offer was not accepted, and the alienation of feeling was not corrected. Another equally unpardonable cause of offence was the marriage of Sir Lucius with a very young and almost portionless girl. It was the ambition of his father to raise his family to increased importance by securing some high and wealthy alliance for the heir of his title and estate. Negotiations with a view to this desired result were already opened with the Earl of Portland, the Lord Treasurer. Amongst Lucius Carey's dearest friends was Sir Henry Morrison, of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire. Ben Jonson celebrated in an Ode the friendship of these young men, which was founded on the

> "— simple love of greatness and of good,
> That knits brave minds and manners more than blood."

Letice, the sister of his friend, was the object of Lucius Carey's ardent and reciprocated love. She proved an incomparable wife, and a prudent and affectionate mother to his children. Of her character we have in various authors many interesting particulars. Her portrait represents her to us as possessed of considerable beauty, set off by modesty; the features indicate mental refinement, but at the same time their gravity comports with an occasional tendency to melancholy. Lord Clarendon describes her as "a lady of a most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced." But the most elaborate portraiture of this lady is preserved in a letter addressed after her death to her mother, Lady Morrison, by J. D. (John Duncan, a sequestered divine). From her childhood upwards she appears to have been a pattern in her alms and prayers. "You remember well" (said her pastor), "I presume, the purse her young fingers wrought for her own alms, and how importunately she would beg your single money to fill it; and as greedy she was of emptying it too: the poor seldom went from the house without the alms of the young daughter, as well as of the parents." Some other passages from this beautiful portrait of an accomplished and religious woman of the 17th century we cannot refrain from extracting. "Within a short while, by reading good authors, and by frequent converse with learned men, she improves (by God's help) her natural talents of understanding and reason to a great degree of wisdom and knowledge. And now these riches of her piety, wisdom, quickness of wit, discretion, judgment, sobriety and gravity of behaviour, being once perceived by Sir Lucius Carey, seemed portion enough to him: these were they he prized above worldly inheritances, and those other fading accessions which most men court. And she being married to him, riches and honour, and all other worldly prosperity, flow in upon her. * * * When possession was given her of stately palaces, pleasantly seated, and most curiously and fully furnished, and of revenues and royalties answerable, * * * neither you nor any of her friends could perceive her heart any whit exalted with joy for them." One beautiful illustration of her expansive charity must be added. "Her mercifulness could not be bounded within the limits of friends; it extended itself to her enemies too: when there were many of them taken prisoners by the King's soldiers, and in great need,

she consulted how she might send relief to them; and when it was answered that such an act would raise jealousies, in some, of her loyalty to his Majesty, she replied, 'No man will supect my loyalty because I relieve these prisoners, but he would suspect my Christianity if he should see me relieve a needy Turk or Jew: however, I had rather be so misunderstood, if this my secret alms should be known, than that any of my enemies, the worst of them, should perish for want of it.'"

It is pleasant to think that so admirable a man as Lord Falkland found so suitable a partner, not only of his fortunes, but of his literary tastes and his virtues. Notwithstanding, however, the charms and the excellence of his bride, his father was inexorable in refusing his pardon, and as he died not very long after in consequence of a fall from a stand in Theobald's Park, it is probable that father and son never met again. Sir Lucius Carey, after meditating military occupation in Holland,—a scheme which was, through some unexplained cause, unsuccessful,—returned to his pleasant abode and his beloved studies at Great Tew. Here he was in September 1633, when the death of his father invested him with the name by which he is known in history and English literature. The title was accompanied by a heavily mortgaged estate, to redeem which Lord Falkland was obliged to sell a finer estate of his own.

For nearly seven years Lord and Lady Falkland enjoyed at their princely mansion at Great Tew domestic happiness of no common kind, the love and honour of their neighbours, and the society of the wisest and wittiest men of their age. Like Holland House in our own day, Great Tew was, before the breaking out of the civil war, "the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers and statesmen." There, too, were venerable chambers "in which all the gravity of a college library * was blended with all that female grace and wit could devise and embellish a drawing-room." In the hospitable Oxfordshire mansion "every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place." History was represented by Hyde, Philosophy by Hobbes, Poetry by Cowley, Waller, Suckling, Sandys, and perhaps by "Rare Ben Jonson," though when those meetings began his genius was blunted and his temper soured by poverty and approaching paralysis.† But it was characteristic of the

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* A story, sickening to the heart of a collector and lover of books, is told respecting the library at Tew, which was the admiration even of those familiar with the magnificent collections in the halls of Oxford. The third Lord Falkland, during the degrading frenzy of the short-lived dissipation of his youth, parted with all its enviable treasures *in exchange for a horse and a mare*.—The instances so often seen of the sons of illustrious men tarnishing by their folly or their crimes their fathers' glory, make us rejoice that Shakespeare, Milton, Locke, Newton, and others of great but lesser fame, left no sons behind them who could mar the magic associations of reverence and love entwined about their names.

† In the Eclogue on the death of Ben Jonson, composed by Lord Falkland, these lines occur:

"Alas! that Bard, that glorious Bard, is dead,
Who, when I whilome cities visited,
Hath made them seem but houres which were full dayes,
Whilst he vouchsaft me his harmonious layes;

times, in which theology mingled with and formed a part of every meeting and question, that ecclesiastics and theologians constituted the staple of the gatherings at Tew. There, with the intuition and sympathy of genius, the accomplished host had brought together, from the halls of Oxford and from the private chapels of neighbouring country gentlemen, young clergymen destined afterwards to become celebrated. Sheldon there displayed the ambition and the parts by which, when only Warden of All Souls, Sir Francis Wenman prophetically declared "he was born and bred to be Archbishop of Canterbury."* There, possibly, Morley, setting off the learning of the ecclesiastic with the vivacity of the wit, when asked by a grave country gentleman what the Arminians held, answered, that "they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England." Another welcome guest was Dr. John Earle, the witty author of Microcosmography, who, neglecting and scorning all the graces of the toilet, could charm by the refinement and the variety of his conversation, as well as instruct by its learning. While Lord Falkland gratefully acknowledged his aid in conquering the difficulties of Greek literature, the divine was wont to answer, that "he was well repaid, for at Tew he had learnt more than even at Oxford." Serenus Cressy, afterwards Falkland's chaplain in Ireland, was one of the circle at Tew. He first imported into this country the works of Socinus.† Embarrassed by arguments which he knew to lead inevitably to heterodox conclusions, but finding in the orthodox armoury of the Church of England none on which he could place reliance, he, like some modern Oxonians, took refuge from Socinianism in the Church of Rome. Nor must we fail to mention, amongst the more distinguished guests of Tew, Dr. Henry Hammond, one whose mental accomplishments were set off by many physical advantages,—a noble carriage, a sweet and powerful voice, a countenance in which dignity and sweetness were combined. Of him Charles I. made the remark,

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And when he lived, I thought the country then
A torture, and no mansion, but a den."

And further on he adds,

"Not long before his death, our woods he meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent."

* Even when Bishop of London, Sheldon, through the age and infirmities of Juxon, wielded the power of Canterbury.

† In Bishop Earle's "Microcosmography," the 35th character described is that of "a sceptic in religion." In this there are several passages which may be applied to Lord Falkland. This remarkable passage occurs towards the close of the character: "*Now Socinus* and Vorstius afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse than himself." The Microcosmography was first published in 1628. Earle may, like Falkland, have become acquainted with the heresy of Socinus through Cressy. But the latter did not become Fellow of Merton College before 1625. Between that year and 1628 it is probable that Cressy brought into England the first copy known to be imported of the works of Faustus Socinus. This point may be of some little consequence in the life of Lord Falkland, because, according to Aubrey, he borrowed the volumes soon after they came into Cressy's possession, "read them, and was so extremely taken and satisfied with them, *that from that time was his conversion.*" He adds, "*He was the first Socinian in England.*" But taking into account the gossiping character of Aubrey's narratives, the argument is, we admit, too fine to be adduced with any great degree of confidence in its soundness.

"that he was the most natural orator he ever heard."* But of all the wise and good men whom Lord and Lady Falkland were happy in assembling around them, none was more cordially or frequently welcomed than Chillingworth. He was eight years older than Falkland, but the foundation of the friendship might be laid during the latter's visit to his brother Lorenzo at Oxford in 1628, the year in which Chillingworth gained his fellowship at Trinity College. After Chillingworth's re-conversion to Protestantism and return to the University, the intimacy grew very close. It was from Tew, in 1635 (Sept. 21), that Chillingworth wrote to Dr. Sheldon his memorable letter stating his resolution not to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, and giving his reasons for his refusal. He valued the "modest and humble assurance of God's love and favour" beyond all church preferment. He felt that if he subscribed the Articles against his conscientious convictions, he subscribed his own damnation.† It was at Tew that his great work "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation" was composed. It must be regarded as no small honour to Lord Falkland, that not merely from his noble library, but by the aid of his varied learning, Chillingworth was enabled to construct his imperishable argument in behalf of Protestantism. Well might the men of Oxford of that day say, as they did, that "if the Great Turk were to be converted by natural reason, Chillingworth and Lord Falkland were the persons to convert him."

Lord Clarendon has given us in his Life some minute particulars concerning the person and manner of Falkland about this time, which place the man before us. His person and presence, he admits, were in no degree attractive or promising; his stature was insignificant (in this respect Chillingworth resembled him); his carriage ungraceful; and his voice not musical. But so pregnant was his genius and so loveable his disposition, that these personal defects were quickly forgotten by those who listened to him. His conversation was pleasant and cheerful, set off with great gaiety of humour, his language charmingly fluent, and his tongue and ear so chaste, that no profane or immodest word ever fell from his lips or (such was his moral influence over his associates) was uttered in his presence.

Lady Falkland took no inconsiderable part in the conversations at Tew. Her qualifications are well described by Mr. Duncan: "She was second to none of her sex and age for perspicuity of understanding and clearness of judgment, yet as far from self-conceit as from ignorance: her way, indeed, was, upon debates, to object till all arguments she could think on to the contrary were satisfied; and when that was once done, no cavil was heard, but her assent readily given."

Dr. Thomas Triplet, an Oxford divine, writing in 1651, spoke of Falkland as "the dearest and the truest friend that, through the whole course of his unhappy life, he ever had the happiness to meet with;" and added, "This was it that made Tew so valued a mansion to us: for as when we went from Oxford thither, we found ourselves never out of the Universitie, so we thought ourselves never absent from our own beloved home." It was this same Dr. Triplet to whom Lady Falkland on her death-bed entrusted for publication the MS. of her deceased

* See his Life, by Dr. John Fell, pp. 85, 96.

† Desmaizeaux's Life of Chillingworth, pp. 86—89.

Lord's Discourse on Infallibility. A beautiful passage in the prefatory letter deserves quotation:

"*Dixit ex tempore*, saith Pliny of Isæus, *sed tanquam diu scripserit*, and I may truly apply it to him (Lord Falkland): his answers were quick and sudden, but such as might very well seem to have been meditated. In short, his abilities were such, as though he needed no supplies of industry, yet his industry such as though he had had no parts at all. How often have I heard him pity those hawking and hunting gentlemen, who if unseasonable weather for their sports had betrayed them to keep home, without a worse exercise within doors, could not have told how to have spent their time: and all because they were such strangers to such good companions with whom he was so familiar, such as neither cloy nor weary any with whom they converse; such company as Erasmus, a person much esteemed by my Lord your father, so much extols in his 31st and 35th Epistle of his 4th Book: not friends of the cellar or the kitchen, τὰ ἄλλα δὲ κοράκων οὐδὲν διαφέροντες; indeed their *own* friends rather than *his* who entertaineth them. But such as being bidden, are ready, uninvited intrude not, that bite no man's meat or reputation, silent not spoken to, spoken to speak as we please, what we please, how long and how much we please. Candidly communicating themselves to us without betraying our secrets committed to them; that still tell us somewhat that may delight us for its antiquity, please us for its novelty, or some way or other enrich our knowledge. While others studied the heraldry of horses, of dogs, or at best their own, he, though not inferior to his neighbours in descent and honour, knowing well how much more glorious it is to be the first than the last of a noble family (blood without virtue making vice but more conspicuous), was so far from relying upon that empty title, that he seemed *Ipse suos genuisse Parentes*, to have begotten his ancestors, and to have given them a more illustrious life than he received from them."

An incident is mentioned in the Life of Heylyn* (which has escaped the notice of Lady Lewis) which pleasantly illustrates Falkland's earnest desire to befriend ingenious though humble men. One Captain Nelson imagined that he had found out a new method of observing the longitude at sea. He made known his supposed invention to the King, who referred the subject to Dr. Peter Heylyn for his opinion. This was about the year 1631. Lord Falkland, then just of age, took up the cause of Captain Nelson, and interceded with Heylyn on his behalf. The divine treated the captain's mathematical knowledge and astronomical skill, as it appeared to Falkland, with supercilious disdain. He did not conceal his offence thereat, and Heylyn was induced to suspend his judgment and to refer the matter to the judgment of Mr. Oughtered, one of the most accomplished mathematicians of the age. It was long before the character of the projector's scheme was decided. Lord Falkland appears to have written various letters on the subject, pricked thereto by the "duty which he owed to the truth itself." The final decision of Oughtered was, that there was no practical value in Captain Nelson's supposed discovery. But it took twelve years and conference with many learned men to satisfy him of the fact. Falkland pursued a right and noble course in insisting on fair play to a man who professed to have made a discovery of great importance to the world.

It was during the halcyon days of peace and literary happiness passed at Tew, that Falkland composed his Discourse on Infallibility and an elaborate defence of that Discourse. Lord Clarendon well pronounced

* By George Vernon, pp. 43—48.

this work to be no "trivial evidence of his learning, his wit and his candour." Allusion has already been made to the circumstances which gave him a deep personal interest in the Protestant controversy. They are thus stated by Lord Clarendon:

"Many attempts were made upon him by the instigation of his mother (who was a lady of another persuasion in religion and of a most masculine understanding, allayed with the passion and infirmities of her own sex) to pervert him in his piety to the Church of England and to reconcile him to that of Rome, which they prosecuted with the more confidence because he declined no opportunity or occasion of conference with those of that religion, whether priests or laics; having diligently studied the controversies, and exactly read all or the choicest of the Greek and Latin fathers, and having a memory so stupendous that he remembered on all occasions whatsoever he read. And he was so great an enemy to that passion and uncharitableness which he saw produced by difference of opinion in matters of religion, that in all those disputations with priests and others of the Roman Church he affected to manifest all possible civility to their persons and estimation of their parts, which made them retain still some hope of his reduction, even when they had given over offering farther reasons to him to that purpose."

The Discourse on Infallibility is a very admirable defence of the sufficiency of scripture for salvation and of the right of private judgment. It is to be regretted that it is so little known. There is in both the Discourse and the defence of it, a manly carrying out of the Protestant principle to its legitimate conclusion, which we in vain seek for in many other anti-popish works. A few extracts will sustain our praise of this now rare work:

"To them who follow their reason in the interpretation of the Scriptures, God will either give his grace for assistance to find the truth, or his pardon if they miss it. And then this supposed necessity of an infallible guide (with the supposed damnation for want of it) fall together to the ground."

In a passage too long for quotation, he declares that his aversion to the Church of Rome was founded on its "certain and undoubted damning" of all out of its pale, and still more on their putting heretics to death. "I do not believe," said he, "all to be damned that they damn, but I conceive all to be killed that they kill." After some pertinent illustrations drawn from the history of the Arian controversy, he concludes, "I believe, throughout antiquity, you will find no putting any to death, unless it be such as begin to kill first, as the Circumcellians or such like." He adds, that it was the chief glory of the Christian religion that it increased by being persecuted, and that, "having that advantage of the Mahometan, it would be to take ill care of Christianity to hold it up by Turkish means; at least it must breed doubts that if the religion had always remained the same, it would not now be defended by ways so contrary to those by which at first it was propagated." He deprecates the recrimination of the Papists that Calvin had resorted much to persecution, and "the Church of England a little, which is a little too much," and declares that he will neither deny nor defend these proceedings. "If it were granted that it agreeth not with the goodness of God to let men want an infallible guide, and therefore there must be one, and that the Church of Rome were it, yet if that teach anything to my understanding contrary to God's goodness, I am not to receive her doctrine, for the same cause for which they would have me

receive it," &c. In the closing passage of the Discourse, he implores any one who may controvert its doctrine to argue with candour and good temper, and beautifully remarks, that "Truth in likelihood is, where her Author, God, was, in the *still voice*, and not the *loud wind*;" and declares his confidence that while he is neither wilfully blind, nor impudently denies what he sees of truth, his adversary "has no reason to be offended with him in this world, nor God (for that) to punish him in the next."

The "Discourse" having been commented on by an anonymous Roman Catholic (now known to have been George Holland, then a Cambridge scholar and afterwards a Romish priest), Lord Falkland composed an elaborate rejoinder. He begins by thanking his critic both for his effort to instruct him, and for mixing no gall with his ink. He had ever thought that "there should be as little bitterness in a treatise of controversy as in a love-letter." While he commends the spirit of the reply, he denies the solidity of its arguments, and proceeds to shew that its logic is inferior to its rhetoric. In one very noble passage towards the end of the work, he exposes the horrible character of the doctrine that many may eternally suffer for not believing what they have never been able to learn.

"What master, father or king would not be esteemed a tyrant who should inflict, not only an infinite and an eternal, but a slight and a short punishment upon a servant, child or subject, for not doing, when commanded, what the commanders saw with all his endeavours, which he had diligently applied, he could not do; and shall we lay such an aspersion upon that God (who, though he be justice itself, is more mercyful than just, who is the Father of mercies), as that like a Pharaoh he should exact brick when there is no possibility of getting straw? You may believe what you think fit, but rather than I will believe that any man's soul that hath done his endeavours, not only shall, but that it is possible it should perish,—rather than I will believe, either that any be damned for what is no sin, or that sin is somewhat out of our power (which if we thought, it would soon be out of our care),—rather than when God hath so often told us, that *he desires not the death of a sinner*, I will give him the lie, and say that he desires his damnation, * * * rather, I say, than this, I will make yours, or the Pagan legend, Ovid's Metamorphoses, my creed; nor would I be a member of the Christian church if this belief were a necessary part of the Christian religion, but should cry out with Averroes (whom Transubstantiation kept a Pagan), *Sit anima mea cum philosophis.*"

No theologian can read these remarkable passages without feeling a conviction that the writer of them was far from accepting the Articles and Creeds of a Church which, equally with the Church of Rome, adopts the so-called Creed of St. Athanasius as its symbol. But, in addition to these passages, there is reference again and again in the "Discourse" and the defence of it to Arian opinions, and nowhere is to be found an expression of the writer's own opinions which a modern Unitarian need hesitate to adopt. In one passage, in reply to Mr. Holland's argument that without the authority of an infallible church to put down such heresies, Arian arguments might and would ensnare the judgment of the people, Lord Falkland emphatically and fearlessly replies, "FOR MY PART, I PROFESS MYSELF NOT ONLY TO BE AN ANTITRINITARIAN, BUT A TURK, WHENSOEVER MORE REASON APPEARS TO ME FOR THAT THAN FOR THE CONTRARY."

Good ground, we conceive, there was for the impression which ex-

isted among Lord Falkland's contemporaries, that he entertained heretical religious opinions. Lady Lewis, however, takes upon herself the difficult task of reinstating Falkland's reputation for orthodoxy. We must in justice quote her words:

"It was said of Lord Falkland, even in his lifetime, but still more after his death, that he had adopted the religious opinions of Socinus, and had been strengthened in those opinions by Chillingworth. This impression seems, however, to have been without foundation, and may possibly have originated in Lord Clarendon's misapprehension of a passage in Cressy's book (entitled *Fanaticism fanatically imputed to the Catholic Church by Mr. Stillingfleet).* In Lord Clarendon's animadversions upon that work, he accused the author of speaking of Lord Falkland as a Socinian. Cressy explained in reply (in his *Epistle Apologetical),* saying, the words concerned Mr. Chillingworth, and added, Touching my Lord Falkland, I was so far from entertaining a suspicion, and much more from propagating this suspicion to others, that I believe there are scarce three persons besides myself that are so enabled to give a demonstration to the contrary, which was a solemn protestation made by himself to the greatest prelate of England of his aversion from those blasphemous heresies which had been laid to his charge. In further corroboration of the fact, that between Lord Falkland and Mr. Chillingworth there was no agreement in opinion on the subject of Socinianism, a letter exists from Lord Spencer to his wife, in which is to be found the following passage: 'It is not to be imagined with what diligence and satisfaction (I mean to himself) Mr. Chillingworth executes this command; for my part, I think it not unwisely done of him to change his profession, and I think you would have been of my mind if you had heard him dispute last night with my Lord Falkland in favour of Socinianism; wherein he was by his Lordship so often confounded, that really it appears he has much more reason for his engine than for his opinion.'"—Vol. I. pp. 169, 170.

Our authoress, it will be seen, defends the orthodoxy of Lord Falkland by giving up Chillingworth to the Socinians. Whitaker, in his Origin of Arianism does the same. We may well be proud of either. Mr. Wallace, however, and the editor of the Monthly Repository admit the ultimate but moderate orthodoxy of Chillingworth, but claim Falkland as their own. It is well known that the Roman Catholic writers (and Cressy was one of them in 1674, when he addressed his Epistle Apologetical to Lord Clarendon) bitterly resented Chillingworth's reconversion to Protestantism, and his subsequent publication of "The Religion of Protestants." But Cressy's testimony on the subject, *given, it must be remembered, in self-defence, in reply to Lord Clarendon's censures,* is directly contradicted by himself in a statement made *five years previously* to Aubrey, at Sam. Cowper's, respecting his bringing over the works of Socinus, lending them to Lord Falkland, and their occasioning his conversion. This is also confirmed by Aubrey's direct statement, that his Lordship, "labouring hard to find the truth, was so far at last from settling in the Romish Church, that he settled and rested in the Polish (I mean Socinianism). He was the first Socinian in England." (Aubrey's Letters and Lives, II. 348.) How loose and inaccurate Cressy's statements about Chillingworth were, will appear by consulting Des Maizeaux's Life of him, and especially the notes at pp. 14 and 15 of that very valuable biography. With respect to the argument of the two friends at the leaguer of Gloucester, and the question which was the Socinian, which the Orthodox advocate, we may remind our readers of Mr. Wallace's proposal to alter the punctuation of the pas-

sage as quoted by him from Whitaker (who gives a comma after "dispute last night with Lord Falkland"). Lady Lewis probably quotes the letter directly from the Sidney Papers, and the punctuation given is exactly what Mr. Wallace conjectured it ought to be. The passage, though partaking of the negligent style of a familiar letter, admits the construction that if Lady Spencer had listened to Chillingworth when he was discussing religion with Lord Falkland, who was in favour of Socinianism, she would have given the palm to the layman. In weighing the probabilities of this somewhat difficult question, it must be remembered that when the argument between the two friends was carried on at Gloucester, Chillingworth had got over the difficulties which some years before he stated in the letter from Tew, had accepted preferment and subscribed the Articles. He was, as one of his biographers remarks, "much given to disputation," and might gratify his taste in a logical encounter with his friend.

While speaking of Lord Falkland as an author, mention must be made of the numerous State papers issued by him as Secretary of State. Some of them have received the commendation of Mr. Hallam. In David Lloyd's "Memoires," we find two statements on the subject of Lord Falkland's State papers which have not been noticed by later biographers. "He was the author of most of those declarations" (issued by Charles I. from York, &c.), "the quickness whereof the enemy admired as they felt their efficacy, *he writing generally* twenty-four or thirty printed sheets a-week with incredible despatch, from May 1 to October 1." The other statement of Lloyd's is, that Falkland was the author of "Aulicus," "whereby he countermined the main props of Westminster their hypocrisie." Lloyd pedantically sums up his merits in these words: "This noble Lord, great in his gown, greater in his buff; able with his sword, abler with his pen; a knowing statesman, a learned scholar, and a stout man."

We have already dwelt at almost disproportionate length on Falkland's opinions, literary tastes and companions. In them, after all, his fame is enshrined. Before entering on a brief view of him in public life, we must add that he, like most men of letters of his age, occasionally wooed the muse. Though his verses are not inferior to some preserved in Collections of the British Poets, the late Mr. Campbell did not see reason to enrol him in his list of poets, and against his impartial judgment we are not disposed to appeal.

Lord Falkland did not forget, amidst the toils of Parliament and the anxieties (which none felt more than he) of a statesman's life, occasionally to cultivate the society of men of letters.

"The taste for literary society which adorned Lord Falkland's days of retirement in the country, seems to have been unaltered by his change of residence and habits, and a club was formed in London, rendered famous by the members of whom it was composed, which afforded the means of meeting to those who were bound together by the tie of similarity of pursuits. To this club Lord Falkland introduced his friend Mr. Hyde, and, at the same time, Mr. Waller introduced Mr. Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester: Mr. Chillingworth, Mr. Godolphin and Sir Francis Wenham were also amongst its members."— I. 176.

Of Mr. Morley's introduction to this society, a brief account is given in the Life of Mr. Waller:

"At one of their meetings they heard a noise in the street, and were told a son of Ben Jonson's was arrested. They sent for him, and he proved to be Mr. Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. Mr. Waller paid the debt, and this circumstance led to an intimacy between him and Morley, to whom this adventure proved very advantageous, for Mr. Waller introduced him into that learned and polite society, as my Lord Falkland did Mr. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, at the same time, and the friendship continued between them till both were greater men."

It was in the spring of 1639 that Lord Falkland was, most unhappily for himself and little to the advantage of his country, induced to desert his library for the camp, and throw aside his book and pen to grasp the sword and spear. Cowley and Waller both gave poetical expression to their lamentation at this event. Well might the former sing of his noble friend,—

> "He is too good for war, and ought to be
> As far from danger as from fear he's free."

The occasion was a strange one for a man of his free principles, viz., to accompany Charles in his disgracefully feeble campaign in Scotland, rendered necessary by the rebellion which the insane crusade of Laud and Charles against the religious liberty of the Scots had aroused. He returned, disappointed of a command promised, and witnessed soon after an unprovoked affront on the Earl of Essex, the commander under whose banner he had served in that campaign. In 1640, Charles was compelled, after having for twelve years wantonly outraged the Constitution of England by ruling without a Parliament, to call together the representative assembly. Falkland took his seat as Member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In the same Parliament, Edward Hyde took his seat as Member for Wootten Basset. He and Falkland so habitually sat side by side in the House, that the Members, in the absence of either, always left the vacant seat for the other to occupy on his return. Short was the duration of this Parliament, which shewed itself more intent on the redress of grievances than in the granting of supplies. Its great event was the masterly speech of Mr. Pym,* who, in a fearless harangue of two hours' duration, set before the Members "the work they had to do to satisfy their country." The impression produced on Lord Falkland's mind by the proceedings of this Parliament, conducted chiefly by Pym and Hampden, was a feeling of profound respect, amounting to reverence. He thought that the country could never be tolerably happy in the intermission of the meetings of Parliament. After some months, during which the King vainly struggled to conduct the affairs of the country without a Parliament, writs were ordered for the election and meeting of that body. On the 3rd of November met "that renowned Parliament which, in spite of many errors and disasters," Mr. Macaulay well observes, "is justly entitled to the reverence and gratitude of all who, in any part of the world, enjoy the blessings of constitutional government." At first, Falkland and even Hyde were not less intent than Pym and Hampden on the reform of grievances. Falkland's first speech was spoken on the 4th of December, on the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford. It is re-

* Of this fine assertion of patriotic principles, Mr. Forster has given, from a very rare pamphlet in the British museum (the King's Collection), a full account in his admirable life of Pym, British Statesmen, III. 89—119.

ported in the "Speeches and Passages of this Great and Happy Parliament," pp. 336—341, and begins with the words, "I rejoice very much to see this day." He enlarged on the enormities of the Judges who had sanctioned the ship-money extortion, and traced all to the influence of Strafford, who had sacrificed his country to his ambition, and who, though he had prostrated his own conscience, still had the keeping of the King's. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "the cause of all the miseries we have suffered * * is that a most excellent Prince hath been most infinitely abused by his Judges, telling him that by policy he might do what he pleased." In this speech he also lays down the more than doubtful principle, that "common fame was ground enough for the House of Commons to accuse upon." This is the more extraordinary, because on the 11th day of the previous month, when Pym (the House having closed their doors) abruptly impeached Strafford, Falkland's voice was the only one raised to ask for delay, and to plead that the justice and dignity of the House required previous examination. Pym replied, and the reply carried the House with him,—"The least delay may lose everything; if the Earl talk but once with the King, Parliament will be dissolved."

On the 14th of January, 1640-1, Lord Falkland's second speech was spoken on behalf of the Commons, on the occasion of presenting to the Lords the articles against the Lord Keeper (Finch). With epigrammatic force, he described the Lord Keeper's illegal proceedings in respect to forest rights and the tenure of property: "He gave our goods to the King, our lands to the deer, our liberties to his sheriffs." He thus characterized the tampering with the Judges by "a sworn Judge:" "He poisoned our very antidotes, and turned our guard into a destruction, making law the ground of illegality. He used this law not only against us, but against itself, making it, as I may say, *felo de se*." But the finest of the three speeches of Falkland recorded in the "Speeches and Passages," &c., is unquestionably that which he delivered "concerning Episcopacy," Feb. 9, 1640-1. Two or three passages will shew what admirable sense and English were spoken in the Long Parliament:

"*Master Speaker*, he is a great stranger in Israel, who knows not that this kingdom hath long laboured under many and great oppressions, both in religion and liberty; and his acquaintance here is not great, or his ingenuity less, who doth not both know and acknowledge that a great, if not a principal, cause of both these have been some bishops and their adherents.

"*Master Speaker*, a little search will serve to find them to have been the destruction of unity, under pretence of uniformity; to have brought in superstition and scandal, under the titles of reverence and decency; to have defiled our Church, by adorning our churches; to have slackened the strictness of that union which was formerly between us and those of our religion beyond the sea; an action as unpolitick as ungodly.

"*Master Speaker*, we shall find them to have tithed mint and anise, and have left undone the weightier works of the law; to have been less eager upon those who damn our Church, than upon those who, upon weak conscience and perhaps as weak reasons (the dislike of some commanded garment or some uncommanded posture), only abstained from it. Nay, it hath been more dangerous for men to go to some neighbour's parish, when they had no sermon in their own, than to be obstinate and perpetual recusants; while masses have been said in security, a conventicle hath been a crime; and, which is yet more, the conforming to ceremonies hath been more exacted, than the conforming to Christianity."

One passage more we must extract, which might be spoken in our own day by Mr. Horsman, when attempting to shame the men who now compose her Majesty's Government, into action against Popish rectors and bishops luxuriating in Protestant benefices:

"It seemed their work was to try how much of a Papist might be brought in without Popery, and to destroy as much as they could of the gospel without bringing themselves into danger of being destroyed by the law. Master Speaker, to go yet further, some of them have so industriously laboured to deduce themselves from Rome, that they have given great suspicion that in gratitude they desire to return thither, or at least to meet it half-way. Some have evidently laboured to bring in an English, though not a Roman, Popery; I mean, not only the outside and dress of it, but equally absolute, a blind dependence of the people upon the clergy, and of the clergy upon themselves, and have opposed the Papacy beyond the sea that they might settle one beyond the water. Nay, common fame is more than ordinarily false if none of them have found a way to reconcile the opinions of Rome to the preferments of England, and to be so absolutely, directly, and cordially Papist, that it is all that fifteen hundred pound a-year can do to keep them from confessing it."

In this speech Lord Falkland discloses his willingness to relieve the Bench of Bishops of their legislatorial functions. It is not easy, therefore, to account for Lord Clarendon's expression of surprise at his friend Falkland's supporting the Bill, introduced rather more than a month afterwards in the House of Commons, for depriving bishops and clergymen of judicial functions in civil courts. This is one of the innumerable inaccuracies and misrepresentations, some of them of the most flagrant character, which abound in Clarendon's History and Life. But the course of Falkland's liberalism was now nearly run. In the autumn of the same year we find him resisting with not less earnestness than Hyde himself the Bill for ejecting Bishops from Parliament. Hampden commented on the inconsistency. Falkland retorted by observing that "he had formerly been persuaded by that worthy gentleman to believe many things which he had since found to be untrue, and therefore he had changed his opinion in many particulars, as well as to things and persons."

The secret of Falkland's inconsistency was, we believe, that his affections were stronger than his judgment; that he was gifted with intellectual activity which enabled him to find for the time reasons for approving the course which friendship suggested. His was the scholar's rather than the statesman's function. Like one of Shakespeare's creations, the meditative powers were greater than those of action. He might have said with Hamlet,

> "The time is out of joint; *O cursed spite*
> *That ever I was born to set it right!*"

Hyde was Falkland's evil genius. He could not resist the persuasions of his friend, any more than, according to the story told by Aubrey, he could resist the tearful entreaties of Lady Falkland when she was bent on obtaining some unreasonable favour for somebody connected with her nursery. Hyde directed the political career of his friend; Falkland found reasons which satisfied him, for the time at least, in acquiescence. But

> "— the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Entangled in a course of action which he could not in his heart ap-

prove, yet compromised so that he could go neither forward without violence to his convictions, nor retreat without disgrace and infamy, he gave way to profound melancholy, and found in the van of Sir John Byron's troops at the very beginning of the battle at Newbury the death which he believed was the only mode of escape from the toils into which he had fallen.

The fatal step in Lord Falkland's career was his permitting Hyde to overcome his scruples and induce him to take office—and such an office! (Secretary of State)—under Charles I. He knew Charles to be despotic and entirely without honour—not merely the honour which makes a king respect promises and oaths to his subjects, but that personal honour which makes him true to his friends. He had seen him break every pledge given to his Parliament, and he knew that he had signed Strafford's death-warrant.

Charles and Lord Falkland were never happy, scarcely easy, in each other's presence. Clarendon tells us that occasionally in his intercourse with the King, Lord Falkland "contradicted him with bluntness and by sharp sentences;" and adds, "Of this his Majesty often complained, and cared less to confer with him in private." A particular instance of this is mentioned on the occasion of the Scotch Commissioners' visit to Oxford, and their presenting the King with a paper inveighing against Bishops and the polity of the Church. The King wished this paper to be answered proposition by proposition. The Council dissented, thinking a short answer desirable. Lord Falkland took this view, answering the King's reasons with a quickness of wit which angered the King, and made him reproach those who maintained that opinion with want of affection for the Church.

In opposition to the statement we have made respecting the habitual reserve of the King towards Falkland, we are aware that some incidents may be adduced, such as Welwood's story of the King and Lord Falkland consulting the Sortes Virgilianæ, when the King lighted on the passage, Æn. iv. 615—620, containing the imprecation against Æneas, and Falkland on the passage, Æn. xi. 152—157, descriptive of the untimely death of Pallas. Another incident was the bet of an angel made by the King with Falkland, respecting the King's power of detecting the style of Hyde, and the successful imposition on him shortly after of a speech composed by Hyde as that of Lord Pembroke. But, notwithstanding these instances of familiarity, there can be no doubt of the general correctness of the statement that there was little cordiality in the feelings of the King towards Lord Falkland. On one occasion, Sir Philip Warwick tells us, he avowed his preference of a Secretary of far less talent than Falkland. "'My Lord Carleton ever brought me,' said the King, 'my own sense in my own words; but *my Lord Falkland most commonly brought me my instructions in so fine a dress that I did not always own them.*'"

When Clarendon proposed the appointment of his friend, the King did not conceal his aversion to the proposal. Falkland was one who despised the Court, and had always kept at a distance from it. His love of right and integrity, and the monarch's despotism and duplicity, were not formed to blend. Then Clarendon had to overcome the scruples of his friend, who alleged his unsuitableness for the habits and ways of a Court. "He could employ neither falsehood, corruption,

nor spies; if these means were necessary, he was not the man to sully his hands with them." But Clarendon prevailed. Falkland was enrolled amongst the Royal partizans, the war broke out, and he knew happiness no more. The able critic in the *Examiner* has well put the whole case:

"His convictions never ceased to be with the Parliament, though his personal habits, his elegant pursuits and tastes, his thorough-going sense of friendship, and even his impatient impulsiveness of temper, made him an easy prey to the persuasive arts of Hyde.

"The accomplished tempter had doubtless induced Falkland to believe that a timely desertion from the Liberal cause would so far weaken it as to shorten the struggle and make accommodation easy; and it could hardly, one imagines, have been without some twinges of conscience that he wrote afterwards that celebrated passage in his History which tells us what his friend became after taking up arms for the King.

"'From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to.' He had at first entertained the hope that one decided battle would be followed by a peaceful adjustment of differences. 'But after the King's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free.

"'When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace;* and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.'"

We must not conclude without thanking Lady Lewis for her work, which, though not faultless, has many merits, and we offer for the acceptance of our readers two very striking passages, in which she expresses her views of the comparative position and conduct of Hampden and Falkland, and of the lamentable consequences of their premature death:

"The merit of consistency might well be disputed in its award, between those who adhered to a party whose views had gradually changed and enlarged under the influence of success, and those who adhered more strictly to the original purposes which had first drawn them together. Mr. Hampden flowed on with the stream which had swept away so much impurity, Lord Falkland withdrew from the force of the current, and in a few months they found themselves standing on opposite banks, henceforth to view the same scene from different points. Each may have mingled with that stream the tears that sprang from honest regrets at the fallen fortunes of a degraded

monarchy and the dangerous licence of an unrestrained parliament, but their march in life was separated; they had started in public life with feelings, principles, and resentments in common; their deaths were nearly contemporaneous, but they died bearing arms in opposite ranks, and an element of peace was gone from the counsels of each party."—I. 72.

"Even in times of unruffled peace and settled prosperity the death of Lord Falkland would have been a subject of general regret; but at a period when the country needed the aid of the utmost wisdom and sagacity to guide her counsels, the death of one in whom was to be found the combination of so much virtue with great ability and high cultivation became a loss of general importance. The tendency of all nations to suffer from time to time some great and dangerous crisis seems but part of the condition of human affairs. That power of accumulating knowledge by experience, which makes the wisdom of one generation rise over that of another, often calls for greater elasticity than is to be found in the institutions by which a country is governed. The disturbance of the equilibrium that ensues from this unequal growth in the wants and expectations of a people, with the legislation established in a less enlightened period, is natural but dangerous; and on the conduct and ability of those who govern, and on the good sense and forbearance of those who are governed, depends the amount of evil that attends the readjustment of the balance.

"Doubtless, that form of government and that habit of government is best which, by easily adapting its measures to the changing necessities of the people, passes in peace through even a state of transition, and by yielding to pressure waits not to be overwhelmed with force;—but the moment, the cause, and the amount of pressure cannot always be foreseen, and difficulties may arise which neither written laws nor settled forms nor previous habits of government may be prepared for: then is the time when the virtue, wisdom, and foresight of those who rule and those who resist, may determine whether reformation shall improve or civil war desolate the country. A dangerous state of transition may become inevitable; but, as in a perilous voyage, on the fidelity, the vigilance, and the skill of those who guide the ship it may chiefly rest whether shipwreck shall ensue, or the haven be reached in safety. At such a time none can be spared with impunity who by their character and influence are fitted to assist in the direction of affairs; and it was at such a conjuncture, when the aid of men like Lord Falkland and John Hampden was of undoubted importance in the guidance of the separate parties to which they belonged, that the country was deprived of their services. The sword of civil strife, which they had wielded for peace and earnestly sought to sheath, inflicted a lamentable blow in cutting off those whose loss was irreparable to the state."—I. 181—183.

RELIGION IN THE EAST.

Sir,

I have been much delighted by reading in your Magazine the interesting letter of Dr. Bowring to Rev. E. Tagart, which contains a description of the religious services of the body of reformers with whom the son of the late Rammohun Roy is united. I have myself just received from a friend, who has recently made Calcutta his place of abode, an account of a religious ceremony of a very different kind, which by way of contrast, if you will allow me, I will give you in his own words. The scene is Calcutta.

"This was the day of the festival to the Hindoo Goddess of Learning, the Consort of Brahma, and the natives were busy at their ceremonies. By carefully abstaining from the use of books and writing materials, and observing the ceremony which I shall describe, they expect to be absolved from all lying and perjury.

"An image of the goddess, representing her standing on a Lotus plant and playing a flute, is manufactured by some image-maker and taken to the house on a Saint's day. Each family has a brahmin or priest who consecrates the image. After the consecration, the figure must not be touched by any one except the brahmin. On the fifth and sixth days of the new moons in January and February, the family worship this image and make offerings of flowers and fruit. On the second day they form a procession and carry the Goddess to the river amidst a great beating of tom-toms and blowing of dissonant trumpets. Having arrived at the side of the river, they take a boat and row into the middle of the stream, where the brahmin invokes a blessing and pitches the Goddess into the holy river. The figure floats along amongst the shipping, and the sailors perhaps get hold of it and have what they call a *jolly lark*. The family return home and fancy they have got clear of perjury and acquired wisdom sufficient to last them during the year.

"These processions are very numerous. Several thousand Goddesses are tumbled into the river, and the beating of tom-toms and clashing of cymbals are incessant, and anything but agreeable. So much for a degrading superstition. I should mention, however, that the more intelligent regard the image as a representation or typification, whilst the ignorant look on it as a personification."

Such an exhibition as is here described must be a melancholy sight to a reflective and enlightened mind; and let us hope, as "the Hindus of the *inferior castes* are in the habit of attending, and there is not the slightest impediment to their reception" at the religious services of the Hindu religious reformers, that their eyes may be opened to the gross folly and absurdity of such revolting superstition and idolatry.

London, April 2, 1852. J. R.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Fas est ab hoste doceri, is a maxim of undisputed authority. The late Hartley Coleridge, like others of his family, delighted in being thought even a High-Churchman. The posthumous publication of his Prose Essays is full of admirable manifestations of the power of truth, and the Anti-State-Church body may profit by his statements and reasonings—*e. g.*

"Why is it that radical or schismatic vestries are allowed to insult and tyrannize over the Church?.... Clearly because the Church is tethered to the State; because ecclesiastical discipline has been jumbled together with civil law; because the worship of the Almighty has been intricated with parish business, with rates and cesses.... and a hundred things besides, that have no more to do with religion than the price of stocks has to do with the procession of the equinoxes. The griping ambition of the Romish clergy ... laid hold on all manner of secular matters and brought them under the dominion of the Church; and now the secular is grown too strong for the spiritual, and will sink it to earth unless the spirit resolutely break it away and throw off the incongruous mixture..... All men, whether saints or sinners, have an undoubted right to a voice in the regulation of their own worldly affairs, but those worldly affairs should not be submitted to a vestry. Romanists or Socinians ought not to legislate for the Church of England, but they ought to have a share in legislating for themselves. Let the Church, therefore, retain nothing which Romanist or Socinian can claim—nothing which the State can cry halves in; then let the Church govern herself by the laws of Christ and the rules of Christian expediency, and submit to no secular legislation whatever."

As during the war we used to read the articles of capitulation on the surrender of a fortress with a marginal note, so we say here, *Granted*. Only the besiegers will impose other conditions, unless the surrender take place very soon, and the longer the siege lasts, the severer will the conditions be.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Philip Doddridge. His Life and Labours. A Centenary Memorial. By John Stoughton. 12mo. Pp. 257. London—Jackson and Walford.

THE name of Doddridge is hailed by every religious man of every creed as one of the brightest ornaments of our common Christianity during the last century. His talents were of a high order; his attainments, if in no department profound, were respectable, and diffused over a very wide range; his piety was warm and pure; his life was a model of the Christian virtues; and his charity was perfectly catholic. The simplicity and affectionateness of his manners, transparent in his letters, have won the sympathies of many readers who would have turned away in disgust from a character less gentle, and from religion presented in an austere and forbidding dress. We accept and welcome the new tribute to Doddridge's genius and worth.

Mr. Stoughton's Memorial was in great part presented and read to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, which held its autumnal meeting last year at Northampton. October 26, 1851, was the centenary anniversary of the death of Doddridge at Lisbon. It has most of Mr. Stoughton's characteristic excellences, being elegantly composed, adorned with many pleasant groupings of Nonconformist worthies, and becomingly enthusiastic towards its chief subject. Of its defects we will speak presently. The work opens with a very well-composed introduction, descriptive of the state of Dissent in the time of William III. The first chapter of the biography treats of Doddridge's early days; the second, of "preparatory scenes and studies;" the third describes his public career as a minister, tutor, author and a man of influence; the fourth describes his social retirement; the fifth, his spiritual life; the sixth, his last days. In a final chapter, an estimate is taken of the result of his labours, and the whole is closed with a postscript, giving a brief history of Coward College, Homerton and Highbury, and their recent junction in New College, St. John's Wood. Following an account of the earlier Nonconformist academies, we have a pleasant sketch of Doddridge at the academy of Mr. Jennings:

"In addition to all the rest, there was one in the county of Northampton, in the quiet village of Kibworth, more quiet now than ever, since railways have drawn away its intermitting streams of coach and waggon traffic. The master of the seminary was John Jennings, brother of David Jennings, of Jewish antiquarian renown—himself a man of considerable attainments and highly cultivated taste, whose 'Two Discourses on Preaching Christ,' were thought worthy by two English prelates of a public recommendation in their charges to their clergy. In the straggling street of Kibworth, where, amidst rustic dwellings, a few aristocratic abodes lifted up their heads, there stood, on the site of the present Crown Inn, the academic dwelling of Mr. Jennings; close to which, now within the yard of the hostelry, is the site of what was a place of worship—probably some barn-like structure, which was burnt down in 1759. There Jennings preached to his pupils, and to the rustic church and congregation of which he was pastor. Thither Doddridge travelled from St. Albans, as the brown leaves were falling in the October of 1719, and there we see him warmly welcomed, and established as a student in what he calls his 'dear light garret at Kibworth,' commanding a lovely prospect of fields from which had just been reaped the fruits of Leicestershire husbandry. Mr. Jennings remained at Kibworth only three years after Doddridge was placed under his care, and then accepted a call from the church at Hinckley. The academy was removed with its tutor, and in the month of September, 1722, we find the young student lamenting the change of scene, especially the loss of the agreeable retirements, 'the meadows and arbours' of his former abode; for Mr. Jennings was a man of taste in horticulture as well as literature, and had made the garden at Kibworth 'a right pleasant place,' according to the fashion of the times. But in January of the next year, we see the young student snugly ensconced by the

fireside in the best chamber of the new house, dotting down, in one of his letters, an inventory of his furniture—'a blue camlet bed'—'an elbow chair'—'half a dozen little ones'—'a black table, a chest of drawers, and a large looking-glass.' He is dressed in a dark 'blue calimanco gown,' of 'eighteen pence a yard,' which has 'lasted a couple of years,' and been 'turned and mended a good many times.' He has just exchanged an old Hebrew Bible, in a very tattered and scurvy condition, for a perfect copy, which, with Spanheim's 'Elenchus,' and Dupin's 'Ecclesiastical History,' also newly added to his little book stock, is gladdening his heart as with the joy of one who findeth spoil. A most indefatigable pupil in his academic preparations; studying the classics, and the original Scriptures, with taste and accuracy; commenting upon Homer, and annotating on the Testaments New and Old, he also manages to read, in the short space of six months, as many as sixty volumes, including Patrick's 'Commentary,' Tillotson's Works, and the 'Boyle Lectures.' And, for the comfort now of poor students be it told, he is far from being flush with money, and sorrowfully records how four guineas have just melted away—the half gone in articles of dress—the greatest part of another in necessary journeys, one to Leicester, to take the oaths, and subscribe the articles, which cost six shillings, and another to Mount Sorrel to a meeting of ministers."—Pp. *51—55.*

Doddridge always impressed strangers with his being a gentleman.

"Unaffected courtesy was blended with literary refinement, and the poor student could hardly be mistaken for anything but what he was,—the polished gentleman. Overtaken one day by bad weather at Newport Pagnell, he called at the house of Mr. Hunt, the pastor of the dissenting church there, when his son, struck with the interesting appearance and bland manners of the visitor, offered him the loan of a great-coat. Mrs. Hunt, good careful soul, questioned the wisdom of putting such generous confidence in an unaccredited stranger; but the son, who could read character better than the mother, replied, 'I am sure he is a gentleman and a scholar.' The answer was overheard by Doddridge, and he never forgot this expression of his new friend's trustfulness, and this reward of his own courteous demeanour. An intimacy sprung up between him and young Hunt, who succeeded his father in the ministry at Newport. The town became a place of interest to Doddridge, and after he attained to celebrity an opportunity offered for showing a practical concern for the welfare of the church. 'The meeting-house having been erected on an estate which was the property of one of the principal people in the congregation, no conveyance of the ground on which it stood had ever been made to proper trustees, and the owner of the estate becoming a bankrupt, it was seized by the creditors: this was in 1740. Dr. Doddridge then generously came forward and purchased the meeting of them and conveyed it to proper trustees, and by his zeal and influence the money was soon raised.'"—Pp. *56, 57.*

Doddridge's first sermon was preached at Hinckley.

"The first sermon is a grand epoch in ministerial life, and in the case of a successful preacher is reviewed by himself and his friends with intense interest in all after years. The scene of early effort becomes clustered round with sacred associations; and if fruit speedily appear, 'and the treader of grapes overtaketh him that soweth seed,' sweet is the song and rich is the joy of the vintage. In the present instance we can picture the place and trace the result. Nichols, in his 'History of Leicestershire,' tells us of the old meeting-house at Hinckley, and states, that behind the pulpit, and on either side, are two small galleries not unlike the boxes of a playhouse, purposely designed for Mr. Jennings' pupils, the rest of the building being on the model of the old meeting-houses a hundred and thirty years ago. The building still exists. It is now occupied by Unitarians."—P. *58.*

One more extract describes his residence at Northampton, and some of the scenes of persecution through which he passed in that town:

"Doddridge, in his capacity of tutor, was, a few years after he came to reside at Northampton, exposed to persecution, and that not unattended by violence. It is often supposed, that after the Revolution Dissenters were not molested in carrying out their principles. But authentic records of their history tell another tale. Not only were they exposed to vexatious proceedings on the

part of the Church, but they had to endure assaults at the hands of popular fury. At the time of the trial of Sacheverell, in the reign of Anne, meeting-houses in London were ransacked, and bonfires made of pulpits and pews. After the accession of George I. in 1715, riots occurred in Staffordshire and other counties, in which places of worship were pulled down or their furniture demolished. Doddridge suffered both from the spiritual court and an infuriated populace. In 1732, the chancellor of the diocese, not out of any ill-will, as he professed, but purely to establish and vindicate the authority of his court, instituted a prosecution to compel him to take out an ecclesiastical license for his academy. 'The wisest parties I have yet consulted in town or country look upon these proceedings as a very artful scheme to bring us under ecclesiastical inspection, more than we have ever been, and they think as I do, that it is trusting our academies and schools to the impartiality of a party which has not always shown the nicest honour, not to touch upon its integrity.' Thus Doddridge wrote in reference to the subject, and made a stand against this exercise of tyranny. The cause was tried in the civil court. Westminster Hall decided in his favour. The judges ordered a prohibition, which, as he thought, would secure him from further trouble in that quarter; but he was mistaken; proceedings were continued; however, they were soon cut short by the interference of the king, George II., who had laid down as a maxim, on ascending the throne, that in his reign there should be no persecution for conscience' sake.

"In September, 1733, the academic house was attacked by a mob: the ring-leaders were discovered and brought to justice; but it would appear that the chief magistrate of the town did not in the affair deal out even-handed justice, for the Earl of Halifax in a letter to Doddridge, says, 'I am entirely of your opinion, that such poor artifices as the mayor has lately practised, will be rather a disservice to his friend than otherwise.'

"In what part of the town he lived at the time his dwelling-house was assaulted by the mob, I do not know. That he removed latterly to another house, large and commodious enough to contain all his students, with two or three exceptions, we are informed by Kippis. That house still remains: it stands in Sheep Street; it is now divided into four tenements, but the front, with its row of pilasters in the Georgian style of architecture, (if style it may be called,) still preserves the external unity of the old academic abode.

"The homes and haunts of genius, learning, and piety, are hallowed spots. The poetry embodied in the lives and actions of great souls seems inscribed on the walls in lines of sympathetic ink, to which congenial, though far inferior minds, give visibility, and read the glowing stanzas with corresponding admiration. In the present day such taste seems more widely diffused than ever. At no period have the shrines of England's best heroes been visited as they are at present by troops of loving pilgrims. The house in Sheep Street, Northampton, is worthy to rank among these relics. The rambler on the banks of the not far-off lily-bordered Ouse, if he has any reverence for British bards, will turn aside into the quiet street of Olney to look on the now dilapidated habitation and summer-house, once occupied by the gentle and gifted author of the 'Task.' And he who follows the windings of the Nen, if he have any love for English divines, will hardly fail to thread the thoroughfares of Northampton, and find out the building, still undecayed, in which once lived the learned and laborious author of the 'Family Expositor.'"—Pp. 88—92.

Our readers cannot, we think, have failed to gather from these extracts that Mr. Stoughton's Memorial of the Life and Labours of Doddridge is an interesting addition to Nonconformist biography. Before dismissing it, we must perform the less agreeable task of noticing and censuring faults. There are one or two inaccuracies of which the printer may bear a portion of the blame; thus *Eleuchus* for *Elenchus*, p. 54. The author is, however, responsible for the uniform misspelling of Dr. Priestley's name *(Priestly)*, pp. 198, 222, &c. When disparaging remarks are made upon an author, a blunder of this kind begets the suspicion that there is not much familiarity with the works of the censured person. It is not elegant, scarcely accurate, to say "counties of Devon*shire*, Lanca*shire*," &c., p. 114. But our chief objection to Mr. Stoughton's performance of his task is the harsh and unnecessarily dog-

matic tone in which he speaks again and again of Arians and *Socinians*. He evidently writes on these subjects with the comfortable but delusive idea of his own infallibility, and seems to imply moral guilt in the subjects of the errors he condemns. Never was a temper like this more misplaced than in a treatise respecting Doddridge, whose soundness on some parts of the orthodox scheme was suspected (he was probably a Sabellian), and who was ever meek and forbearing towards those whom he thought to be in error. *With a diminishing orthodoxy*, however, the temper of Independents does not in all cases become more candid.

Mr. Stoughton often becomes amusingly figurative when he is most harsh in his theological censures. Thus, p. 115, he talks of "the polar regions of Pelagian unbelief." P. 114, he speaks of the "positive errors" and "paralyzing touch" of Arianism. This heresy, he says, p. 113, began "to lift up its head" just before the Exeter controversy. Mr. Stoughton's knowledge of ecclesiastical history surely embraces the existence at least of the Socinian tracts published towards the close of the 17th century, and of the heresy of Biddle, Fry and others, which the Assembly of Divines in vain attempted to extirpate by expulsion, banishment, and the threats of death itself. P. 209, he says, "Scepticism now largely imbues our current literature, leading to doubts about the historical character and objective nature of Christianity, and reducing it in the book to a myth, and in the mind to an idea; then it was developed in the cognate form of denying the Divinity of Christ, or denying the Divinity of the Gospel. *Doddridge laid hold on both the serpents.*" Mr. Stoughton gives, at p. 106, an apology for his "intolerance." "Error we are always to treat as an enemy. Never are we to shew it quarter. Life is to be spent in striving to kill it. *It is a devouring dragon*, in whose vicinity none are safe. *It is a poisonous snake*, which must be slain. The pilgrim and the soldier must be united in every one of us. Pilgrims to truth's temple should we be, lovingly shewing all companion travellers the way. But then we must be also soldiers in truth's field, fighting to the last the hell-born error which, demon-like, ventures to claim standing on that holy ground." Both as a *soldier* and a *dragon-killer* Mr. Stoughton indicates so little skill, that as a friend, taking considerable interest in some of his literary pursuits, we advise him henceforth to be simply a peaceful pilgrim. The atmosphere of the Congregational Union was perhaps not the most friendly to calmness and moderation. Had this Memorial been composed solely for the press and an impartial public, it would probably have been free from these serious blemishes of style and false sentiment.

A Letter to a Friend on certain Misrepresentations of Scripture Language. Pp. 23. London—Whitfield. 1852.

THE anonymous author of this Letter is at times unfortunate, in failing to express himself with the clearness which it is desirable to have, in a professed comment on the statements of another. At least we have not found it always easy to perceive the precise force or application of the writer's remarks. It may, possibly, be from this circumstance that we do not consider him very successful in his treatment of the subject which has called forth his pamphlet. We gather, however, that his principal aim is to controvert certain representations of the meaning of the language of the New Testament respecting a second coming of Christ contained in an article which appeared in a recent number of the Westminster Review, and which has been already noticed in our pages (pp. 188, 189). In some of the author's strictures on this article, so far as we are sure of their meaning, we are disposed to concur; but in what appears to be assumed as his chief position—the position, that the New-Testament writers did not expect a speedy second advent of Christ, and do not use language clearly stating or implying this expectation—we think him altogether wrong. The author does not attempt to enter upon anything

like a full discussion of the subject, for he leaves out of view some points of essential importance to the settlement of the question. Hence we feel absolved from the endeavour to follow him at any length into the particulars of his argument; and must content ourselves with little more than a mere general expression of our dissent from his views on the subject referred to.

It is but fair, however, to give the Letter-writer's opinion as to the meaning of the language in question:

"The παρουσια, literally being with, translated in C. V. coming, is every where the presence with, the full effect of, Christ. Paul never mentions it but accompanying a prayer, or fervent hope, or trust that the believers shall and will continue steadily to improve and increase in the virtues he taught, as being Christ's Gospel, without falling away or aside before temptations, faults, or sins."—P. 9.

Again we are told,

"That constant reference through Christ's ministry to the coming termination of the particular covenant with the Jews, and the extension of God's message to all the nations of the world, must prove that Christ and his evangelists knew *this* was the change about to take place in the heaven and the earth, and *this* was the coming in great power of the kingdom which he said that some living would see, before they tasted death."—P. 17.

Were this statement limited to Christ, we believe it would be substantially true; but when it is extended beyond him, to those who survived him and became his evangelists and missionaries, it becomes, we think, an over-statement, and is not warranted by the facts of the case.

We see, then, that the presence of Christ upon earth in the influence of his gospel, of his life and death,—"moulding men's hearts, making them one with each other and with him, as he is one with God" (p. 17),—this it is which, according to our author, is denoted by the παρουσια spoken of in the apostolic writings. But he can hardly have failed to observe that παρουσια, granting this to be its meaning, is not the only word employed in this connection. Besides ἀποκαλυψις (1 Cor. i. 7), to which the author assigns his own signification, we have ἐπιφανεια (1 Tim. vi. 14), the verb φανερωθη (Col. iii. 4), and some other equivalent expressions. It may be very true, as the Letter-writer observes, that παρουσια does not mean a "coming," and that by this word is intended in the New Testament something very different "from the actual moving of any body in space" (p. 9). No doubt it means, as stated, presence with or beside; but it may still be a question whether it does not sometimes mean the presence of Christ *after* he has *come again*. If so, the word amounts in meaning to much the same as the term by which the Common Version renders it, and to which the author objects. The instances of its use to which he appeals to shew that it is the "non-corporeal, the intellectual, moral, being with, presence of, Christ, which is intended," appear to be very unfortunately chosen for his purpose. They are, "Paul's use of it, 2 Cor. x. 10, and Phil. ii. 12, as his own bodily presence; or the presence, the company, the being with, of Stephanas, 1 Cor. xvi. 17; of Titus, 2 Cor. vii. 6." How these examples of "bodily presence" avail to shew that the same word must, in the case of Christ, mean, *not* a bodily presence, but a non-corporeal, moral presence, we cannot see. In fact, we think we see just the contrary.

The Letter-writer observes further that the evangelists "speak of all 'coming' by the tenses of ἐρχομαι, and the noun ἐλευσις." Granting the truth of this assertion, we may ask, is not even this verb used of the second advent, as in Acts i. 11? So that here you have undoubtedly the "actual moving," which our author refuses to admit in the word παρουσια.

In short, we take it to be one of the plainest facts, lying on the surface of the New Testament, that the early Christians, including some of the writers of the New Testament, did expect a second coming of Christ. Many

instances in which this expectation appears might be brought forward; but this is hardly the place, or the opportunity, for entering so fully into the subject. Nor do we feel the great difficulty which some have felt, in admitting that this expectation was an unfounded one, destined to disappointment. It is, in this respect, like some other erroneous opinions which necessarily clung around the early Christianity, and which it was left to time, the general progress of knowledge, and the course of events, gradually to remove. Most probably the apostles believed, in common with their contemporaries, that it is the sun that moves, while the earth is fixed. They had no inspiration on such subjects. And we shall only do injury to our estimate of them, and the great work of moral and religious renovation and progress which it was their task to accomplish, if we seek, by forced, unnatural interpretations, to give a meaning to their language which it does not really bear, for the purpose of making them appear less under the influence of the imperfect knowledge and the wrong beliefs of their time, than it was possible, in the nature of things, that they should have been.

The Principal Works and Remains of Rev. Andrew Fuller. With a new Memoir of his Life by his Son, the Rev. A. G. Fuller. London—Henry G. Bohn. 1852.

We must confess to no small degree of surprise at Mr. Bohn's having admitted the works of Andrew Fuller into his "Standard Library." There is a kind of homely strength, we admit, in some of Andrew's unartificial periods —there is a rough logic in many of his arguments; but of the graces of literature he is as devoid as Huntingdon, the Sinner Saved, or any other of the religious fanatics of the last age. Mr. Bohn defends himself in a Preface, arguing that in an endeavour to render "the Standard Library" a complete epitome of English literature in each of its various departments, it would be invidious altogether to omit the works of those Nonconformist divines who have obtained an established and merited reputation. This may be admitted, and yet no ground be given for Andrew Fuller's admission to a Library of English Literature. When Mr. Bohn proceeds to say, "Among these the writings of the late Rev. Andrew Fuller maintain an acknowledged pre-eminence," he offers an affront to the literature of the Protestant Dissenters, at the same time that he proves his own want of judgment. When amongst writers like Baxter, Bunyan, Howe, Watts, Doddridge, Price, George Walker, Priestley and Enfield, Andrew Fuller is asserted to enjoy "an acknowledged pre-eminence," the statement is simply ridiculous, and does not deserve confutation. His work on the Deistical Controversy has never had a place amongst the defences of Christianity acknowledged and prized by Christian scholars. His work on the "Socinian Controversy" enjoys in one respect a reputation more remarkable than desirable. It is pre-eminent for its coarse bigotry and intolerant presumption. From first to last, it is written in the spirit which says, "Stand by; I am holier than thou." Its aim is to prove that the Socinian creed must be wrong, because the hearts and lives of Socinians are corrupt and wicked. Mr. Bohn shews more bravery than discretion when he states this work "was published at an opportune moment, when the writings of Priestley, Belsham and Lindsey, aided by sympathy with the sufferers from the Birmingham riots, had given an accidental and undiscriminating popularity to the works of the self-styled 'Rational Dissenters.'" With equal accuracy, Mr. Bohn goes on to say that this work of Andrew Fuller's probably assisted to bring about what he is pleased to term "the low condition" of the Unitarian body. That the condition of the Unitarian body is far below what it ought to be in this country, we admit and deplore; but so far from our views having suffered from Andrew Fuller's revilings, we may state with confidence, that for every avowed Unitarian in 1796, there are now at least ten. We speak of England alone; take America into the account, and the

proportion would be much larger. If this theological and controversial adventure of Mr. Bohn proves not unprofitable, it will shew that "orthodox" polemics are not unwilling to use old and unfair weapons, which they would not choose to avow as of their own manufacture. So improved is the tone of controversy during the last half-century, that no respectable divine living south of the Tweed would venture on publishing an attack on any Protestant denomination conceived in the spirit of "The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems examined and compared."

In a former volume of our Magazine (C. R., N. S., IV. 218—224), we detailed and commented on the proceedings of Andrew Fuller in the prosecution at Cambridge of the Rev. John Gisburne, of Soham. This is the son's apology respecting this matter:

"Mr. Fuller was induced by his friendship for the church at Soham, to assist in the conduct of a law-suit, to recover their chapel from the possession of their minister, who, having imbibed Socinian principles, was desired by the members to retire; but having succeeded, by disgusting the major part of them, to secure *(in securing)* their absence from a meeting of the church, succeeded in obtaining a majority in his favour,—a circumstance which might tell in a legal point of view, however deficient in a moral one. In the progress of the law-suit it was discovered that no effectual means presented themselves of acquiring their right, except an appeal to an obsolete statute which infringed upon religious liberty. This was done by the legal adviser of the party, with the concurrence of some of Mr. Fuller's colleagues, *less versed than himself in the principles of liberty of conscience* (?); but no sooner did Mr. Fuller learn from their attorney the grounds on which the case was proceeding, than he refused to advance another step, and measures were taken to effect an arbitration. Respecting a subsequent stage of this unhappy business, in which Mr. Fuller had to defend himself from the charge of dishonourable dealing, he applied in vain for information to *(from)* the attorney for the prosecution, and was thus left with the means of but partially vindicating himself, leaving, however, an impression, the correctness of which he was free to acknowledge, that he had been chargeable with indiscretion in committing his reputation to so great an extent into *(to)* the hands of others, and agreeing to act in circumstances in which he could exercise little or no control over his coadjutors."

The inaccuracies of fact are more numerous than those of grammar in this brief statement. The proceedings at Cambridge, of which Mr. Fuller was the guide, were not "a law-suit" for the recovery of the chapel, but a criminal prosecution against Mr. Gisburne for a riot in the chapel, based on the penal statutes against Unitarians. It was not from the attorney, but from Mr. Best the counsel, that Fuller learned the grounds of the prosecution, he being remonstrated with on this point previously by the Cambridge Dissenters, who dreaded the disgrace about to be brought on their common Nonconformity by such a prosecution. Mr. Fuller having learnt the odious character of the prosecution, "refused," it is said, "to advance another step, and measures were taken to effect an arbitration." Notwithstanding the consent to refer the matter to arbitration, Mr. Fuller's witnesses went before the Grand Jury, who *cut* the bill, but found that which, by the advice of Mr. Gurney, had been presented as a cross-indictment against the Soham prosecutors of Mr. Gisburne.

We have censured freely Mr. Bohn for this discreditable publication; we shall not, however, allow this one error to make us forget his previous services to the public in the very cheap and, with this exception, admirable series of works known as the Standard Library, comprising the best prose works of Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Schiller, Schlegel, Roscoe, Goethe, Neander and others.

INTELLIGENCE.

New Unitarian Chapel, Rawtenstall.

Saturday, April 24, 1852, was the day appointed for laying the corner-stone of the Unitarian chapel now erecting at Rawtenstall. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the Sunday scholars walked in procession from the old chapel to the site of the new one, when Mr. Richard Lord (after being presented by the congregation of the old and trustees of the new chapel with a mahogany plumb rule and mallet, also an elegant silver trowel, with an appropriate inscription thereon) proceeded in the usual manner to lay the corner-stone. The Revds. G. Harris, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and F. Howorth, of Bury, then successively addressed the assembly; the former of whom, in enumerating the distinctive principles of the Unitarians, first in his own words, and then in Scripture quotations, observed that this was the only body of professing Christians whose sentiments could be wholly expressed in the language of the Bible. Mr. Howorth then came forward and with his usual zeal substantiated in a very becoming manner what Mr. Harris had advanced: he said, while we uncompromisingly maintain the right to think and speak for ourselves, we would not deny that right to others.

A collection was made at the conclusion of the addresses; after which about 300 sat down to tea, provided in the old chapel, the net proceeds of which, together with the collection out of doors, amounted to £8. 2*s*. 3*d*. The site of the new chapel and burial-ground, which is beautifully situated on a commanding eminence, called the Bank, in the Manchester road, covers an area of 828 yards, and was presented to the trustees at a nominal ground-rent by Mr. Richard Lord, who also at the same time gave a donation of £200 towards the erection of the chapel, which it is estimated will cost about £1200. It will be a beautiful edifice, of the Gothic style, and is calculated, when complete, to seat about 500 persons.

Bolton District Unitarian Association.

The fifty-second half-yearly meeting was held at Walmsley, a hamlet in the township of Turton, four miles north of Bolton. The chapel stands in an isolated spot, almost surrounded by hills and moors, and near to the rising manufacturing village of Egerton. The introductory services were conducted by Rev. F. Howorth; and Rev. George Harris, of Newcastle, preached an excellent sermon from Acts xxiv. 14 and following verses,—the purport of which was to vindicate heresy in its true sense, and to shew that sectarianism was the inevitable effect of individual judgment.

Much interest was displayed by the strangers present about the new school-room, which occupies a conspicuous position on the west side of the chapel-yard. It is a handsome stone building, one story in height, and capable of seating about 200 persons. In this spacious building tea was supplied, after the religious services, to about 170 individuals, many of whom had come from other parts of the district to attend the meeting. The Rev. W. Probert, minister of the chapel, presided at the subsequent proceedings. He gave a short account of the exertions which had been made by his congregation to raise this building, the cost of which was about £160; and it appeared from the Treasurer's statement that a great part of this sum was raised by the members of the chapel and their friends, and the remainder by contributions from the neighbourhood.

In the course of the evening several interesting speeches were made, and the intervals were enlivened with glees from a few select performers. Rev. George Harris spoke at some length, illustrative of religious unity, religious strength and religious life: Rev. F. Baker on the means of carrying religious ministrations to the members of our congregations who absent themselves from public worship: Mr. C. J. Darbishire on education: Rev. John Ragland and Rev. James Whitehead on religion without bigotry; and Rev. F. Howorth against a sectarian spirit—peace on earth and good-will towards men.

The autumn meeting will be held at Rivington on September 30th, Mr. Ragland being the supporter and Mr. Whitehead the preacher on the occasion.

Ministers' Benevolent Society.

Mr. Frederick Russell, brother of the late lamented James Russell, Esq., of Birmingham, informs us that it is the

intention of those who are friendly to the establishment of this Society, as originally proposed by his late brother, to hold a meeting in London, on the evening of Thursday, June 3rd, at Six o'clock, in the office of the Unitarian Association, No. 178, Strand.

A general outline of the plan to be submitted to the consideration of the meeting may be stated thus:—It is intended to raise a fund by subscriptions from ministers and congregations, and by donations and legacies, and to make grants from its revenue according to rules established by the general meeting of the supporters of the Society.

The subjoined statement will give some idea of the feasibility of forming such a Society, and of the advantages it offers. The numbers on which this statement is founded are taken from the answers returned to the circular issued by the late Mr. Russell.

Subscriptions from 150 ministers, at £1 per annum	£150
Subscriptions from 200 lay subscribers, at £1 per annum ..	200
Probable amount of collections from 150 chapels, at an average of £1. 10*s.* each, per annum .	225
	£575

After a certain period there will be an addition to the annual income as calculated above, from the interest on the paid-up subscriptions of ministers; thus

Twenty years' subscriptions, at £150 per annum, will give £3000, which at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is £105

By Law 3, as originally proposed, no allowances to ministers were to be made until the end of five years, in order that a "*General Fund*" might be provided; but if at the end of the first or second year the income be equal to that stated above, there would be means for *immediate assistance* being afforded to those claimants who had paid up the required sum. If the probable claims upon the funds are calculated at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., of the 150 ministers who are assumed as subscribers, 11 per annum would be the number of claimants; and supposing £40 be given to each, the amount distributed would be £440, leaving £135 to cover expenses.

All details as to the constitution and management of the Society will be considered at the meeting of its supporters in London. It must be apparent to every one that its promotion must mainly depend on the assistance which is afforded in its establishment by ministers and their congregations.

OBITUARY.

March 13, at Moreton-Hampstead, in the 71st year of his age, Mr. Thomas White, much respected and lamented by a large circle of friends and relatives. He was a liberal and conscientious Protestant Dissenter, without any bigotry or intolerance, willingly conceding to all the right, which he honoured them for exercising, of forming their own religious opinions. While his health and strength enabled him to go to the house of prayer, he was seldom absent from his place in it, where his demeanour betokened deep and heartfelt piety. His latter days, however, for many months were passed in great suffering and bodily weakness, borne with much meekness and submission to the will of Divine Providence, and have, it is not to be feared, worked out for him their good in the peaceable fruits of righteousness. He passed through life in the paths of peace and good-will towards all his fellow-creatures, and in the ways of honesty and integrity gained the respect and esteem of all acquainted with his worth of character, as one who in simplicity and godly sincerity had his conversation in the world.

May 15, in Hanover Street, London, in the 80th year of his age, William Winstanley, M.D., of West Cliff, Preston, one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Lancaster.

May 20, at his residence, Camden Lodge, near Birmingham, Thomas Eyre Lee, Esq., solicitor.

[We record this death and that of Dr. Winstanley with great regret. Both were in their several circles zealous upholders of Christian truth and charity. We hope to receive from their friends some record of their virtues.—Ed. C. R.]

May 17, at Wyke's Court, Bridport, in the 67th year of her age, Mary, the wife of Thomas Collins Hounsell, Esq.

May 19, at her residence, Wilton, Taunton, Harriet, relict of the late J. W. Warren, Esq.